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CHILDREN OF FRANCE AND THE RED CROSS

JUNE RICHARDSON LUCAS

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VOLUME

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THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE
AND THE RED CROSS

THE CONQUERORS! 1. ALBERT, WHO DID NOT DIE CHRISTMAS EVE. 2. MATHILDE, OUR ORPHAN. 3. HENRI, WHOSE MOTHER IS DYING OF TUBERCULOSIS IN THE HOSPITAL AT THONON AND WHOSE FATHER IS IN THE TRENCHES. 4. LOUIS—AGED FOUR, WHO CAME INTO EVIAN TAGGED THUS—"MOTHER HELD FOR SLAPPING A GERMAN." FATHER IN THE TRENCHES. 5. GASTON, WHO WAS SO SICK AND DID NOT SMILE FOR TWO MONTHS

The Children of France

and

The Red Cross

By

June Richardson Lucas
(Mrs. William Palmer Lucas)

With Seventeen Illustrations from Photographs

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least
of these my brethren, ye have done *it* to me.
—ST. MATTHEW, 25:40

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To
"W. P. L."

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INTRODUCTION

On August 12, 1917, the National Red Cross organized its work for the women and children of France under the Children's Bureau of the Department of Civil Affairs in France, with Dr. Wm. Palmer Lucas, Professor of Children's Diseases at the University of California, as Chief of the Bureau. Dr. Lucas' work in 1916 for Mr. Hoover in Belgium, where he made a careful health survey of the Belgian children for the Commission for Relief in Belgium, brought a wide and valuable experience to the French problems.

Mrs. Lucas accompanied her husband to France, and for ten months worked with him in the organization and establishment of the American Red Cross work for the children.

Many formal reports of the work have been issued by the National Red Cross Headquarters. Many splendid accounts of the scope and magnitude of the work of the American Red Cross in France have been published by

the Press. This book, made up of the daily journal letters written by Mrs. Lucas during those ten months, has an unique value for the American people. It is an intimate, tender picture of the way in which our great National Relief Organization meets, with a warm personal touch, the most poignant tragedy in France today, the devastated lives of brave women and little children.

HENRY P. DAVISON,
Chairman, RED CROSS WAR COUNCIL

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THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE
AND THE RED CROSS

The Children of France
and the Red Cross

Evian, France,
September 28, 1917

I PROMISED to write about the rapatriés at Evian; well I'll make a beginning.

Rapatriés are easy to define but most difficult to describe; indeed that generalization fits a good many situations in France to-day, but I *want* to tell you about the rapatriés, and I'll begin with a definition.

They are the people; old men, old women, a few young women, children all ages, babies—a few, that the Germans are sending back into France through Switzerland. These people have been in either Belgium or Germany since the Germans took their villages. Now, as winter comes on, these many mouths to feed must be gotten rid of, and so the Germans are sending back all those they are unable in any way

to *use* in factory, trench, or agriculture. That is the definition of rapatriés.

They are coming into France at Evian-les-Bains on Lake Geneva, two trains a day, bringing five hundred at a time. And they are leaving Evian daily, in special convoys, to the assigned destinations in the interior of France.

The little station at Evian gives you a picture, no, a realization, of what war can mean to the civil population that even a devastated village fails to give. The arrival of the train is most dramatic. It comes slowly into view and the crowd of rapatriés on the platforms begins to cheer, and those in the train crowd the windows and shout and wave their hands calling, "Vive la France! Vive la France!" The doors of the train are eagerly opened by nurses, our ambulance men, government aides and members of the local committees who are helping, and the train empties quickly. The old women with their precious bundles are so cheerful it breaks your heart. They try to smile and look ready for the new demands. The old men seem more depressed. There is a finality about it all for them that you never forget. The children are dirty and tired, but

excited and eager to see what is going to happen next.

The sick and the feeble are taken to the ambulances in wheel chairs and on stretchers, and our American Red Cross men have a way with them that helps so much with these weary people. They put them into the ambulances, and a big bus takes the smallest kiddies, and off they go down the little winding street to the Casino. The rest of the crowd walks down.

The sunset train load get a wonderful welcome from their beloved France—the great splashes of pink in the soft sky, the distant hills deep and green, the blue waters of the Lake below reflecting all the glory of the sunset, and they feel it. A sweet faced Sister said to me as we came down in the ambulance: "Oh, it is so beautiful—my France must be saved!"

At the Casino the weary people find the big cheerful room full of light, and the color of the flags everywhere helps to make them realize that they are home at last. The hot meal is ready for them and they take their places quickly, and very soon the warmth and kindness of it all reaches their tired hearts and they begin to smile and talk to each other or to you.

After a little, the band, made up of rapatriés who are detailed in Evian to help, begins to play some gay stirring French air. The children laugh at first, but the older ones cannot bear it and you see many tears. Then the Préfet of the District speaks to them in a friendly stirring fashion, welcoming them to their country once more, and with all the tenderness of the French language, speaks of their sufferings, of the sufferings of France, of the bravery of their soldiers, of the final victory of France. "Vive la France," he shouts in closing, and those homeless people respond with a cheer that blinds and chokes you. You wonder how they can, and yet you see that they *must.* It helps them to go on. Then comes the playing of the Marseillaise. They cannot sing at first—it sounds like a great sob from a heart-broken people, but the ringing "Marchons, Marchons . . ." becomes a cry of victory.

The balcony above is a most interesting place. It is the children's place. While the older people pass into the big room adjoining to go through the long careful process of registering, the little ones are taken up to the

balcony, checked, and left there to be washed and brushed and amused. There are many tears at first; they fear to be separated from their mothers, but the nurses are so friendly and so kind, and the boxes of glistering toys on a low table quite convenient for small fingers, are so tempting, that the battle is soon won. There are rows of little mattresses on the steps of the balcony that have clean pads and fresh little pillows where sleepy or tired children can rest. But it is too exciting for most of them.

That balcony is rather a critical spot in the whole care, for here is the grave danger of contagion most evident, the skin lesions, the dirty heads, the vermin in their clothes—and it is here that the American Red Cross will begin to help by coöperating with the dispensary just under the balcony, in more care in selection of the children and cleaner methods in handling them, than have been possible to obtain in the hurry of this daily rush of caring for one thousand people.

The registration is so carefully done and it is so important, you must know about it. The big circular desk at which some two hundred

government clerks sit, is arranged alphabetically and the people pass along in line; there is no hurry. Each rapatrié is talked with carefully and kindly, and many stories are listened to. This registration bureau is also in receipt of many inquiries from relatives and friends who are making every effort to get in touch with their own as they come through; and each rapatrié's name is instantly referred to that section of the registration, and in a few minutes you may see the telegram or letter delivered to a sweet-faced woman or a trembling old man, that tells them they are *claimed* by one who knows them and *cares*. You find yourself longing so for many more letters and telegrams than there are. You cannot bear the disappointed look, the sort of dumb resignation that is in many faces. After their registration they pass on to another room, and there they are assigned to their lodgings for the night.

The dispensary sends the sick men and women and children to the different hospitals and here is where help is needed. So the American Red Cross has opened an acute hospital of two hundred beds for children.

A GROUP OF OLD WOMEN AT EVIAN WHO HAVE LOST EVERYTHING AND ARE UNCLAIMED. THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT CARES FOR THEM

A HAPPY REUNION. SICK MOTHER IN BED HAD FOUND HER BOY AT EVIAN AFTER WEEKS OF SEPARATION. HER OLD FATHER AND MOTHER FOUND HER THERE TWO DAYS LATER, AFTER A SILENCE OF MANY MONTHS

The Casino slowly empties; the volunteer workers fall to and clean the great room ready for the morning; the tables are laid, and it is long after midnight when the last worker goes.

The little village quiets down. It was clear moonlight last night, as I walked back to our little Hôtel des Quatre Saisons and stood for awhile on the terrace looking across at the Convent Clarisses. The façade of the chapel stands high above the wall and there in the moonlight stood the figure of the Christ with a little child in His arms. The pure white of the stone figure, with a great cross above, seemed startlingly full of meaning. Back in the quiet quadrangle the old and sick rapatriés, full of their weariness and suffering, slept perhaps, and dreamed of the loved village left so long ago. There was a great feeling of shelter and safety in the quiet sky above the dark roofs and the white figure seemed to be guarding the old convent. On the gateway was written: "The Patronage of Jeanne d'Arc." Perhaps she saved France once?

As I watched, suddenly from the shadowy courtyard the figure of a Sister stepped quickly out into the light of the street and went hur-

riedly away into the night. I waited. In a few minutes the Sister came back with a priest. He limped badly; they could not walk so fast; the moonlight shone on his cross above his heart and the white flaps of the Sister's hood. They disappeared under the low archway. In a few moments I saw a light in the room above the gate. The old priest came close to the window and knelt in the full light of the lamp, his hands before him with his rosary held high. I knew he was kneeling at the foot of a bed; I could see the white cover. The little Mother Superior I had seen earlier stood near with her hand over her eyes. I could not see the dying rapatrié, but I knew that all the comfort this world can give was being offered. It was a long time before the room was darkened again; then the old priest came slowly out and went down the winding street in the moonlight and his shadow looked like that of a giant against the convent wall. The figure above seemed clearer.

This morning about eleven I saw the end of the little scene of last night. The bells began to toll and from the sunny courtyard under the archway bearing that magic name, came

the sad little procession—two little altar boys, one carrying the cross, and the old priest in his white robes. The chanting was just peaceful as the little procession of friends and family of the dead rapatrié walked slowly behind the hearse. The Mother Superior stood long at the gateway looking after them. It was all very real and very sad, these old people reaching their beloved country in time to die. One of the workers told me that 30 per cent. of the old have died in the first month after their return.

The children are so pathetic too, many of them without their mothers, just sent along in a crowd in care of the older women, and some of them are too little to know their names and the old people have forgotten; they come from a certain village and that is all that is known. And many, many of these children are sick and diseased, and the arrival in Evian of about five hundred children daily presents a most tremendous problem.

Our Children's Bureau is to take charge of the medical end of it; and with an acute hospital of two hundred beds and several con-

valescent hospitals near, we are going to help those plucky French people with a task they have already undertaken with vigor and foresight.

Evian, France,
September 29, 1917

THE morning train came in at a most chilly hour this morning—at seven o'clock. A heavy mist hung over the hills and the station was like a tomb, but the rapatriés cheered just the same. They were so glad to get out of the train after three days of travel. There was a boys' school from Laos about a hundred little chaps of all sizes, and tired and dirty as they were, they sang their school song lustily when they gathered on the platform. That boys' school cheered me up; the future of France looked strong and hearty. Those blue caps above their shining young eyes gave me a sense of solidarity, of future security. There was a convent school of girls also, in charge of five Sisters,—about sixty young girls. They

did not seem so happy, but frightened by the experience. They clung to the Sisters, who kept their little brood together as they went off to the Casino.

I started down the street with a boy of fourteen who had been digging trenches for the Germans for the last five months. He looked delicate, probably tubercular, or he would not have been allowed to go, I think. He was much interested, as they all are, at finding Americans at work. I suppose they have been told by their captors that we are not going to do anything about this war. Well, the first thing that greets the rapatrié's eye outside the little station is a row of ambulances marked "American Red Cross."

This morning was full of interesting incidents. One old man who had started to walk down from the station with the young lad and me, gave out before we had gone very far, so I persuaded him to wait for an ambulance to come along and pick us up. He was a very bright little old man with a sensitive face. He was all bundled up in an old French army overcoat that had been given him at the Swiss border. I could see that he was very proud of

it. He told me he had three sons in the French army, and that if he could only find them he would be cared for. His story was most pathetic. In the flight from Lille he had become separated from his wife, and in his efforts to find her the Germans had taken him prisoner. They held him for two days and then he escaped to the woods. After hiding there for two days, hunger forced him out on the road and the first humans he met were three Boches. To his amazement, as he put it, "the miracle happened," and they gave him bread and let him go.

I wish I could reproduce for you this eager old man. He hated to admit that he was tired, and climbed into the ambulance most reluctantly, but he was really very weary, and so anxious to find out whether he would find a message from his sons. I found myself almost as eager as he was, and when we *did* find a telegram from his son in Paris waiting for him at the Casino, I assure you we both wept for joy. I have an old army button I am treasuring. He asked me to cut it from his coat and keep it to remember his "two miracles" by.

There were so many sick children this morn-

ing—whooping cough and bad throats seemed to predominate. Really it makes you shudder, the possibilities of epidemics and the opportunity for the spread of disease through the interior of France.

Diphtheria has given us all one dreadful fright but that has been checked now. It is impossible to give you any idea of the size of this problem here; from the point of view of public health, I doubt if there has ever been a situation of larger scope. This little town on the very edge of France is receiving a thousand people daily, and these people depleted and worn out from privation and hardship. About five hundred of the daily thousand are children, who show the effects of three years of dirt, limited bathing facilities or none, lice, skin lesions of all kinds, beside the low food rations on which most of them have been living. All these conditions lower their resistance, as the doctors say, and they are under par. The above statement does not mention the tuberculosis to be found in many of them, but it does show the absolute necessity of helping in this medical situation here; and the American Red Cross is so glad to be here where

SUPPLYING JEAN, A LITTLE RAPATRIÉ, WITH WARM CLOTHING AT THE AMERICAN RED CROSS HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN AT EVIAN

its Children's Bureau finds one of the greatest opportunities to serve France.

But you don't want any theories about the situation, you want to hear about the people; you are quite able to form your own conclusions from the facts I give you.

This evening's convoy brought a bit of evidence against the enemy—a child of fifteen with a year old Boche baby in her arms. The little mother looked so sick, you felt that was why she had not been held; indeed, the baby was ill too, and the grandmother was in despair about it all. Another woman was so depressed because of her two little boys, both paralyzed and covered with impetigo, which is a polite medical term for the results of unutterable hygienic conditions. Our ambulance boys thought the kiddies had smallpox until a nurse explained. They were only eight and ten years old and in such a frightful condition. The mother insisted that the paralysis was from the terror. I don't know; I should think almost any strange physical phenomenon might come out of what they have all been through.

One woman had her husband and a strong young son of about twenty-two with her and

neither of the men could speak. "Since the bombardment," she said; I suppose this is the *civilian* shell shock.

And so it goes. After you have met the two trains daily and watched the weary crowd pass by with their bundles and talked with many of them, you can think of nothing else. You begin to feel beaten and sore yourself; it is too much human tragedy to look upon in a few minutes. The relentlessness of it all, in those words of Maurya, in Synge's "Riders to the Sea," as she looked upon her last son drowned in the great storm, came to me so often here. You remember, she says: "There isn't anything more the sea can do to me now." And as you meet these homeless people you feel that there is nothing more that war can do to them. It has taken all.

This morning at the Casino I asked our photographer if he thought he could get a picture of them as they sat at the tables. We were standing on the balcony looking down on them. Hemmet thought a moment as his keen photographer's eye took in the scene: "It can't be done. They are all black, black and white;

black clothes, white faces—you couldn't get them."

I cannot forget that remark, it is so true, black clothes, white faces, hundreds of them—you can't get them.

Sometime I want to tell you what these wonderful French people are doing here with those poor country folk of theirs. If the Lord does help those who help themselves, the French are going to have a tremendous amount of assistance.

Evian, France,
September 30, 1917

CAN you imagine what a Government delousing station would be like? No, you can't. Neither could any one else before this hideous war began. It used to be an occasional problem in an emergency situation. Now it has become a business, this keeping vermin off human beings. I suppose it will soon become a profession. I met a woman up back of the lines who had a dug-out not far off and she earned her living cleaning vermin from soldiers and their clothes. I used to be sensitive about mentioning fleas in San Francisco. Now, . . . but all values are relative, n'est-ce-pas?

Well, I want to tell you about the Annex Gordon here at Evian which has been estab-

lished for the particular purpose of getting the lice and vermin off of these poor rapatriés and curing the skin lesions which result from such conditions.

I think the best way to describe Annex Gordon is to tell you the story of a woman and her eleven children I saw in one of the wards there. When this poor rapatrié and her little brood were examined at the Casino dispensary, it was discovered that all twelve heads were inhabited and diseased and that three of them suffered with itch. They were sent to the Annex Gordon. The first room to receive them is divided into little compartments; each compartment is numbered. The family were put into twelve compartments, a bag with the same number as the compartment hangs in each and into these bags went their clothes, and the mother and the children put on the toweling bathrobes and slippers provided in each compartment. The bags of clothing were taken immediately to the fumigating room. The little family went downstairs to the baths and douches. Here each one received, in separate rooms, the treatment prescribed; the three who had the itch went into sulphur baths. All the

heads were cleaned and disinfected and in forty minutes our group was clean and had gone to another series of compartments on another floor to put on clean clothes. If their clothes are very bad, they are given a new outfit. This often happens. They remain here from two to ten days, depending upon the seriousness of their trouble. During the past four weeks, six hundred and twenty have stayed from two to ten days or longer; three hundred and fifty have passed through with baths, and three hundred and sixty with head douches.

The dormitories are clean and attractive. Different towns and cities such as Nancy, Paris, Toulouse, St. Etienne, Cannes, Rouen, have furnished these "salles" and great pride is taken in them. It is a perfectly run establishment; the kitchens are spotless and the food appetizing.

I know that by this time you are thinking that this process must be a dreadful one and that only the lowest classes among the rapatriés are ever sent to Annex Gordon. Well, that is almost the greatest tragedy here in Evian; the fact that these rapatriés number many, many refined, decent people who have never been in

any but comfortable and pleasant surroundings. I saw in Annex Gordon, three middle-aged people, a sister and two brothers. The men were educated gentlemen, professors both of them, and yet they were coming in with one hundred and forty-five others to be cleaned up. I saw one lovely little child there—a little girl of ten with such beautiful auburn hair; great tears rolled down her face and her mother's face also, as the nurse gently cut away the great masses of soft hair to get at the poor little head.

No, I have failed utterly in giving you any idea of rapatriés if you have a sort of a "scum-of-the-earth" picture in your mind. These poor people are sick, dirty and weary after three years of suffering and lack of all home comforts, but they are many of them just the type of people you would find in small New England towns.

Another big work the Government has undertaken is the care of about sixteen hundred old people at the Collège, a fine old building on the Lake, which has been well adapted to the uses of the old people. Here the old homeless folks, who have not been claimed, are taken

and cared for, gently and sympathetically. Many of them cannot read or write and the women of the Evian local Committee spend hours talking with them, helping them to remember friends they may have in the interior of France, and writing their letters for them. In this way some three hundred of the sixteen hundred have been put into touch with friends.

I wish I could make you feel the tenderness and kindness with which these French volunteer workers help these people. I saw such a touching little scene at the Collège. An old woman, ninety-two they said, was standing in the vestiare room having a new white cap tried on. She looked up at the kindly workers with such a sweet old smile, as the friendly hands tied on her cap for her. Then the old woman tried to put on *over* the cap the old handkerchief which she had worn before. The worker remonstrated smilingly, but tied it on and the old woman went off happy. And it isn't one old woman that is treated thus, but hundreds, and you love and admire these splendid French women who give their service so devotedly.

The workers at the Annex Gordon too, are

splendid in their work. I saw such kindness there, so much real understanding of what it meant to be in such a pitiable condition.

Every night as I listen to the welcome given these people at the Casino, I am more and more deeply impressed with the way in which the French offer their help to these homeless countrymen. It is done with a delicacy of touch, a simple directness, a warmth, all as lovely as the shady roads through their beautiful villages. You always hear that the French have such a sense of approach to their buildings. Well, that sense of theirs is not limited to the buildings!

The way in which they have asked the American Red Cross to help in Evian has been perfectly choking in its warm gratitude and desire to have us do just what we think best. Our men spend a great deal of time assuring these tired people here that the Americans want to help them in the way the French want to be helped. What we are doing seems such a drop in their great bucket of war and its sufferings. And these people look at us with glistening eyes and thank us so constantly.

A rapatrié asked me to-night if I were French. I said: "No, American." "Ah! c'est la même chose—la même chose, Madame!" Think of that!

Lyon, France,
September 9, 1917

I WANT to tell you about this morning while my heart is still thumping about it. We were in Lyon looking over the ground for a convalescent home for the little rapatriés from Evian, and the French Committee which had us in charge brought us an invitation last night from the French Colonel, to be on the platform early this morning to meet the train bringing the first big group—four hundred and thirteen —of English exchange prisoners from German prisons. Well, we were there! The platforms were packed with people, the officials of the City of Lyon, the Mayor, the Counselors, the Reception Committee in brilliant uniforms, the French Colonel and his staff, and the British officer, Major Wilkinson, who had come over

from Berne to meet the train. The French Red Cross infirmières with their baskets of tri-color flowers made a fascinating picture in their white and blue uniforms.

It was all very tense as we waited. The French officials saw that every provision for the comfortable handling of the men was made, after much talk and many changes. You felt they were marking time; there must be some outlet. Major Wilkinson laughed and talked with us but his eyes moved constantly in the direction from which the train was to come. He seemed to get taller and taller as we waited. He is a magnificent looking man, towering above every one. His keen British face looked as unshakable as Gibraltar. Nothing cheers one so much about this whole war as that particular type of British officer. I found myself being ridiculously glad that Major Wilkinson looked just as he did, that the men would see him first as the train came in.

A blast from the engine whistle out in the train-yard brought a tightening of the crowd and the band began to play. Why *must* there be bands at such a moment? I don't know. Perhaps, you couldn't get through such mo-

ments without one, but as the train rolled slowly past us, "God save the King" became "Tipperary," the crowd on the platforms cheered and waved, the nurses threw the flowers into the crowded windows; we sang, we cheered, we wept, we shook the eager outstretched hands of those poor, gaunt men, and all the while the band played "Tipperary." The train stopped and those starved men climbed down from the cars, formed in little pathetic squads with an officer at the head, and went by us—the lame, halt, blind (three of them)—with a gallantry indescribable, and saluted the officers waiting to receive them. I shall never forget Major Wilkinson. A British officer *moved* is one of the most inspiring sights; his jaw tightened, his eyes glistened, but he stood quietly at attention, never missing one of the sad evidences those men bore, of their weary broken bodies, for those were broken men, men who would never be what they had been before. We knew that, because that was why they were being exchanged, men who could no longer be used against the captors. And some of those plucky Tommies had their pet dogs on leashes, and how we cheered those pets! They broke the

tension a bit. One car of the train was filled with the men too sick to walk and they were carried out last to the ambulances.

The great concourse of people moved down the station steps to the big room below and there the men and officers were welcomed by the officials; the French, warm, glowing, eager to express their hearty greetings of those poor fellows; the English Major, brief, with a grimness and determination in his voice that was about as moving as "Tipperary." And the men,—they were too happy; it broke your heart—free at last and on the way to Blighty!

In front of the station were the lines of automobiles to carry them off to the barracks. A company of French cavalry on black horses, with their shining helmets, and swords flashing in the sunlight, acted as escort, and the band played "Tipperary" over and over. The cheers grew stronger and stronger, the music got into your feet. You were marching to victory; *you,* just a plain woman in petticoats, touched for a high, glorious moment the vision that puts humans through blood and fire for the sake of an ideal.

We followed them to the barracks to have

luncheon with the thirty-five officers. I sat next to a young Captain of the Royal Lincolnshires, an Oxford man. He looked so thin and drawn, his eyes, deep set and full of *nerves*. He told me that was his trouble, nerves. He came to France in August, 1914, was captured in a hospital after the Mons fight. His trouble had been dysentery. In a weakened condition he was marched to Germany. There he was crowded into a freight car with thirty-five other men, so tightly wedged in they could neither sit down nor lie down. There they stood for ninety-eight hours with one cup of coffee given during that time. Many of the men never survived those ninety-eight hours. Captain P. lived, as he said, in Hell, for the first nine months. Seldom was food offered him that was not spit on. It was eat or *starve*. After the first year things grew better. I hated to have him talk about it, he looked so tired and so worn, but I was held by the story; to hear at first hand such experiences, after three years of rumors and denials, of exaggerations or belittling of hardships.

Captain P. spoke feelingly of one thing—"I

am so tired of being yelled at; everything that has been said to me for three years has been yelled at me from a distance of about three inches from my face; I am *jumpy* about it." Then too, he talked interestingly about his short share in the war. He was holding a house with thirty others near M. It was getting too hot for them, as two machine guns were busy. They decided to make a dash for the shelter of the village street; one by one they climbed the six-foot bank and made a dash across an open road and up a side street. "We didn't expect to make it, any of us, and we jolly well pelted, I can tell you."

It is difficult to give it to you—that room full of officers, each with his own terrible experience of war shut up within himself. One young Lieutenant of the West Kent regiment, that famous regiment that has never lost a trench, looked so startlingly frail, and yet there was a glow about him of returning vigor, perhaps. He had come out of his prison in a dying condition, but an operation in Switzerland had saved him.

Colonel Neish of the Gordon Highlanders was the senior ranking officer among the pris-

oners and his response to the speech of welcome was so *Scotch.* There was really nothing that could be said so he did not say it. You just felt the tenseness all through the room: "We are glad to be here, but you will not blame us for longing to get home."

My officer said: "I can't believe anything *really* until I am actually in England; I have been lied to so many times!" I asked him what he wanted to do most when he reached home. His answer came quickly: "I want to go down to the sea, where I used to go as a little lad. I have been dreaming about it for months! How lazy I am going to be! No yelling, just the old comfortable boom of the sea!"

As I read this over I have been wondering whether it would stir in you certain feelings that came to me, at the station and at the luncheon. I seemed to see American men—our men—young lads I have watched playing tennis in the sunshine, older men pouring out of a baseball game, coming home broken men. I could not get the thought out of my mind. We must make it short, my dear, by holding nothing back at the beginning, our men and our Red

Cross, our two strong hands here in this war-stricken France!

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary"—Well, it's longer still to the homeland. We *must* make it short. There must be few such men as I saw this morning!

Evian, France,
October 14, 1917

I THOUGHT I had told you everything. I haven't—in some ways I have not *begun*. To-day at eleven was almost the most dramatic, the most thrilling moment of all at Evian. Six hundred and eighty Belgian children arrived on the morning train. It was indescribable; all these little children, thin, sickly looking, alone; all of them between the ages of four and twelve. It is impossible to picture it for you. Those poor children calling "Vive la France," then, "Vive la Belgique" for the first time in three years. Those of us who stood on the platform could only wave to them,—cheering was impossible.

The boys were livelier than the girls—the little girls of ten and twelve, in charge of four

or five brothers and sisters, cried bitterly. Two-thirds of these children have been taken from their parents because their fathers would not work for the Germans and the mothers were willing to let the children go rather than see them starve. I have never seen anything more poignant than those little groups of children clinging to the oldest sister and brother as they marched down the little street to the Casino. It was the saddest, the cruelest sight —not one grown-up, just children, little children, marching bravely along, singing, and crying.

As they passed along, the rapatriés on the sidewalk called to them: "Don't cry, you are going to have meat!" And the boys shouted: "Meat, we are going to have meat!" as they marched. You couldn't believe it. You were looking at starving children, Belgian children. Many things flashed into my mind. "Seven cents a day feeds a Belgian baby." Do you remember our Belgian Commission cards at home? Everything we did or tried to do last year for the "C.R.B." came back to me. Here were some of the children we *didn't* feed, perhaps—the long, long line. It seemed to stretch

"LEARNING TO FORGET" AT CHÂTEAU DES HALLES

A GROUP OF CHILDREN AT THE AMERICAN RED CROSS HOSPITAL AT EVIAN, AS YET UNKNOWN AND UNCLAIMED

out for miles before you. You seemed to see that little wavering line of starving children passing on and on over miles of devastated country. There are no words for it, my dear. Only Raemaker could picture it.

As I say, I thought of everything I had heard about Belgium and her sufferings and I realized that nothing I had *ever* heard had given me any conception of starving Belgian children. Some of our C.R.B. men were there; they are Red Cross men now, working like beavers, and yet they felt that sight to-day as few could. They knew what these little ones had come from. You felt glad that Mr. Hoover was not there to see that special bit of tragedy he worked so hard to prevent. I understand now that look in his face when he talked about Belgium last year, a deepening of those splendid lines about his mouth, that made you feel that he would never give up the fight to save the Belgian children.

The Casino was glowing with good cheer; the meat was there, plenty of it, with potatoes and hot chocolate and hot roasted chestnuts. How they ate! Yes, they just stuffed that good dinner! They were hungry and they

were children. I shall never forget their hands, little bird-like claws, so thin, and when they sang they waved those pathetic little hands. I shall never forget. And such singing! The spontaneity of it! As we stood watching the eager faces, suddenly they would sing, with all their might; those shrill little voices shouted out a song against the Germans. Those songs must have been learned in secret, and yet every tiny child knew every word. When Mlle. G. sang their beloved Brabançonne for them, they were absorbedly silent until the chorus and then such a volume of song as came from those Belgian children! "Le Roi, la loi, la Liberté!" No one could bear it; the French, the Americans, the Belgian officials who had come to receive them, all stood with tears on their faces. You seemed to be touching with bare hands the agony of those thousands of Belgian women who have watched their little ones suffer for three years. And they were so little, few over twelve years old, and such a small twelve. An underfed child; it is no longer a phrase to us, it's a reality. Famine children of India, I remember as a child, seemed too distant to be real. Those Belgian children who

for three years have not had enough to eat, have a look about them that makes you ache, it's so wrong; and then you stiffen. You feel that you will fight for a hundred years if necessary, to prove such methods wrong!

Well, I must go on with my story. After the eating and the singing, these children were questioned and registered, and I imagine those records are perhaps the most interesting little documents we have had from Belgium for a long time. Children have a way of telling things clearly, as they saw them, with a directness that never confuses the issue in your mind or theirs. They were so glad to tell their story and they crowded into the great Bureau Room, regardless of barriers and proper alphabetic order. They were children who understood that they were with friends.

Then came the medical inspection and I was glad that an American Red Cross doctor was there to help. I talked with him afterwards; he was not ashamed of his tears. He told me the little claw-like hands were only an indication of the whole under-nourished condition of those children. But he said: "We have them in time, a few weeks of proper feeding and no

epidemic and they will pull up." The contagious cases, like mumps, skin infections, etc., were isolated and the children were arranged for the night. Each little child left the Casino with two flags, Belgian and French, clasped tightly in one hand and a bright new franc in the other. They were full of food and we were full of hope. Those two sensations seem bound up together these days. They go off to-morrow to places near Paris which have been provided for them. The kind Belgian doctor goes along with them. He was just *mobbed* by the children at the station when he came. They wanted to be kissed, and that man kissed on both pale little cheeks every child he could reach!

My dear, I want to be in Brussels when the King comes home!

Evian, France,
December 12, 1917

We came down here from Paris last night. Cold! Well, I have never sat in a refrigerator so I don't really know whether my comparison is true—but if I ever *had* sat in a refrigerator I am sure I should have felt as we did this morning in that cold compartment. Outside, gray mist and snow over the hills and fields; inside, human steam and cold that went through all your layers of clothing and came out the "other side" unwarmed.

Miss P. of the English Friends was in our compartment; she looked like a little squirrel in her uniform of gray. She has a wonderful face, great dark eyes, full of everything, light, gladness, sympathy, fire,—oh, just all you demand of eyes. She was on her way to the

Friends' Hospital for tubercular people at Sermaize. She told us about it in her quick, energetic way. She needs more nurses and we hope to lend her several from the hospital here.

That is one of the wonderful things over here, there is so much opportunity for team work; and the Red Cross seems to me to stand for just that, *not* swallowing up or absorbing work already existing and doing well, but just helping every organization to do more and better work.

Well, I began to tell you about the cold, and then Miss P. popped into the letter because she made us forget the cold, and that's rather typical of experiences over here; you start with a discomfort and you end with some bit of service that makes you forget everything but the results.

That has surely been the story at Evian. It was not an easy task to convert a rather unwieldy summer hotel into a hospital quickly, when to get supplies and transportation for equipment is one of the most difficult of tasks; and yet to-day we found a smoothly running hospital with seventy-five cases of contagious

diseases being cared for after just a month of work. The nurses looked tired but happy; they have worked so devotedly. The whole staff has done all sorts and kinds of work to hurry the hospital along to this point because the need was so great. One thing helped out, the convoys of rapatriés stopped for two weeks; that gave us just time enough to get ready.

You can be proud of your American Children's Hospital. The Hôtel Chatelet makes a most modern and comfortable hospital and as I stood on the steps and watched our ambulance men carrying the little patients into the big entrance hall, wrapped in blankets on the stretchers, and saw the efficient service given by nurses and aides, I was sort of choked by it all—just a glad choke. I am *so* glad this comfortable haven is here for those sick, homeless children. Our nurses adore so just cleaning them up and making them comfortable, and these ambulance men give a service that can never be described. Many a child comes without tears because he has seen the twinkle in the eyes of the man who treats him like a little brother.

On the first floor of the hospital are the of-

fices and nurses' room, the dining-room for the staff, and then a big room for the mothers—the visiting-room. It is warm and beautiful with a fine view of the Lake and Lausanne in the distance. Here every day the mothers come for an hour and are taken upstairs, a few at a time, to see their children. Now I know you are wondering how we can do that in a contagious hospital. Well, it isn't easy and it isn't scientific and it has a certain small risk, but it's *human*. These poor families cling to each other in a way difficult to describe. The women, especially the older ones, are emotionally unstrung and hysterical. They have paid such a heavy price for freedom and these children are all they have left, and they cling to them with an intensity that breaks your heart. To quarantine these children rigidly is just out of the question. It would be the easiest way to get the best results medically, but our whole staff is coöperating in making the visiting as safe as possible. The mother puts on a sterile robe and washes her hands and face thoroughly before leaving the ward, and the hospital provides little toys for the women to take to the children so as to prevent if possible the giving

of food to those who are sick. One thing we do insist upon, and that is that the children cannot be taken away until our Médecin-chef and the French Médecin-chef approve. But these poor people in one short month have learned that the American Hospital is their friend, and although new ones come each day, good news travels fast. The grounds around the hospital are large and there are five villas, one for the nurses, one for staff, two for service, and one Dr. —— has decided to fill with some well children and mothers who are waiting for little brother, sister or mother to get well at Evian. We are here as friends, you know, and we must *be* friends.

As I came away from the hospital this afternoon I walked down the grounds to the lower gate. It was just sunset and the winter trees against the haze of pink brought the homeland back to me with new and precious vividness. At such moments I feel as if some day I must smooth with my hand every loved spot at home. It is wonderful to feel that your beloved country is worth suffering for.

I stood for a moment looking back at the hospital, when suddenly one of our aides ran

down the path ahead of me and opened the big gate and I saw from the now empty villa a little procession coming. The small brown coffin was carried by our men, the aide and one of our staff men following; that was all, under the winter trees. The little aide is an Irish girl with blue black hair and deep blue eyes; as she passed me the tears were rolling down her cheeks.

Oh, I know there have been thousands of children sacrificed and there will be thousands more. This was a boy of twelve, dead from tuberculosis through lack of food and care, motherless and fatherless by German shells.

I find I can't bear these things unless I twist some comfort out of them somehow, and as I came back through the dusk I felt that the little brown coffin had a big significance—American evidence of that hideous doctrine "German military necessity." And then came the feeling that there are still things German military forces cannot touch. The soul of the little lad had gone winging on its way somewhere beyond the haze of the winter sunset. I kept thinking of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" in the scene called "Memory" where Thoughts of

those on Earth make happy the ones in the Land of Memory. Do you remember how beautifully that was done,—the little Normandy cottage, the sweet old couple and the little children, just the kind of a spot this little boy may have come from? Somehow I like to think he has gone to just such a scene, and when they crowd to welcome him and hear of Earth, he'll say: "Yes, the Americans have come. They cared for me. I died in an American Hospital." Can't you just hear the cheer those spirits of the men of Mons, the Marne, and of Ypres, would give?

No, the little brown coffin under the winter trees is not all!

Robert, who has just come to lay my fire, is a little rapatrié of twelve too, but he is well and strong with chubby face and such nice "little boy" eyes. He lays the fire most carefully and sits close watching the flame catch each piece of wood as he lays it on. I imagine it is the only time of day that he gets warm. He told me he came from a little village "that is all gone now but was such a *nice* village once."

Don't scold me, but I just gave him a franc;

he almost fell into the fire from astonishment, but I could not give Robert just ten centimes *to-night.* I know the professional philanthropist would scorn me but I really can't investigate him; he hasn't any sources of information, they are all gone—blown up; he hasn't any past, present or future; he is just Robert, a rapatrié, and I am far from home too,—so there! Gracious, he is still bringing up wood! I'll be warm to-night, and his face shines with smiles.

There are people in the world, I know, who would say that the other little lad would probably have died anyway, and that Robert is no worse off than thousands of others. All right, I can't argue with them and I won't, as long as they give money to the Red Cross.

It is a clear cold night, and up on the hills seventy-five sick children are comfortable and safe.

I think I'll give Robert another franc in the morning!

Evian, France,
December 13, 1917

This has been a long day. The morning convoy comes in at a quarter before six; it is quite dark and very cold but I find that *nothing* quenches the spirits of these homeless people. They go marching down this little street, old and young, keeping step with the buglers who lead the procession now. This morning it was too dark to distinguish faces as they passed, but one could tell by the noise of their wooden shoes that many little children were marching along, the short quick step together with the longer step of the older ones, and some of them were singing as they went.

But this letter is to be a "bath story." Yes, Evian-les-Bains now lives up to her former reputation. Every one here has felt that if

only the rapatriés could have baths and clean clothes immediately upon arrival, that much disease and a great deal of discomfort could be remedied. The job was not ours but belonged to the French, and it seemed doubtful if it could be done. However, the Government appointed a very wonderful man as Médecin-chef for Rapatriés, Dr. Paul Armand-Delille —and he was determined to offer baths to these rapatriés. His helpers discouraged him, said it was not possible, that he would have a revolution if he tried to force baths upon these returning people. Well, you know the world has learned anew a certain French quality, the quality that makes French soldiers get ahead of their protecting fire in their determination to reach their goal. The French Médecin-chef wanted baths; he believed in baths; and there *are* baths.

Yes, I have been for two hours watching his interesting demonstration. He has had the regular army shower barracks erected close to the big Casino and reached by a covered passageway. The central barrack is a general check room where the people leave their valuables; then the men have a barrack, the boys

A BOY AT EVIAN WHO HAS LOST HIS LEFT EYE AND HAS A MUTILATED LEFT HAND AS THE RESULT OF A LOADED PENCIL GIVEN HIM BY A GERMAN SOLDIER. ANOTHER CASE IS MENTIONED ON PAGE 66

have theirs, and the women and girls and tiny children share another.

We went first to see the boys. The big room was warm and steamy; at the far end are the big steam sterilizers for their clothes, and the whole water control. In the center are the showers, twenty-four sprays, and in front of the showers are the boys, sitting in rows waiting for their turns. Half of them are undressed at a time, their clothes placed in rope bags and put into the sterilizer. The other half sit watching and waiting the signal for them to undress. I wish I could make you see it all—their eager happy faces, their squeals of delight when they drop their bath robes and prance out under the shower for their scrub. Two young priests in rubber suits superintend the scrubbing, and how they work! The big boys go at themselves with vigor, beginning with their heads and thoroughly cleaning themselves. The little boys have to be helped because they get so excited they drop their soap, and there is many a scramble to get the slippery piece back. The room gets full of steam and you see the young white bodies flashing about through the gray mist. One small boy man-

aged to stand on his head under his spray, just as a final expression of joy, before he stepped off to give place to another.

It is wonderful! They are all laughing and shouting; you cannot believe they are the same depressed looking children you helped off the train an hour before. I spoke to the Médecin-chef of that. He said: "Ah, you see, Madame, another reason why I wanted the baths; these poor people are *too* sad, they must laugh or they cannot live."

He took me to the other barracks. It was just the same, young and old men were laughing like the boys. To be free and to be clean, it's a wonderful combination!

The only protests were heard in the women's barrack where some of the tiny children were frightened by the noise of the sprays and the steam. The women's barrack has the showers arranged with linen curtains in between so that each person is standing in a small compartment.

It is a splendid bit of French efficiency. No one is forced to bathe, but it is all presented in such a way that no one wants to miss it. There are posters up in the trains that

bring them, telling of the wonderful hot douches to be had at Evian-les-Bains. Handbills are scattered around explaining just how it is all done. It is part of France's welcome to her people; it is all free, and it is done for their comfort. Barbers are there for the men and boys and coiffeurs for the women.

Even babies are provided with separate little tubs, and in the middle of all that din and steam in the women's and girls' barrack I saw a small tot in his tub quite absorbed in chasing the soap around as it floated, just as I have watched your small David do at home. This mite's mother was taking her bath inside the curtain and she kept putting her head out and talking to him, and the baby would laugh and splash. He finally ended by throwing the soap at me just to make friends.

I had wondered about those baths when I heard they had been installed. It seemed to me a tremendous undertaking to bathe fifteen hundred transient people daily and do it thoroughly and well. And yet there it is running smoothly, and already the people in the Interior are speaking of the improvement in the condition of the rapatriés when they arrive.

I must say I like the laughter quite as much as the cleanliness for them all. You can hear the gay sounds quite a distance away. The whole place seems happier. I can't explain it; I am not at all like the American who came down here to see this great moving tragedy and attributed all the emotions he saw at the Casino to the *band,* said that all tears were caused by the vibration of the solar plexus and therefore those who sat nearest the music cried the loudest! But I liked Dr. Armand-Delille's expression, "they are too sad, they must laugh or they cannot live." That bath does not change the great hideous facts for them, but they laugh heartily for the first time in many weary months, and if you have done that once, I only claim it is easier to do it the second time.

It is snowing to-night and the twinkling lights everywhere look so cheerful—like a Christmas post-card.

Evian, France,
December 14, 1917

I HAVE been up at the hospital all day and have spent most of my time in our dental clinic. Indeed, you see, we offer every attraction. Dr. W. has his office in one of the villas where we have a daily dispensary for cases not in need of hospital care. The office itself is mighty interesting, an illustration of Yankee ingenuity. Dr. W.'s chair did not appear with the rest of the equipment; no one knows where it is. It may appear, it may not. In the meantime Dr. W. has made a perfectly comfortable dentist's chair out of a wine barrel; one side is scooped out so you sit comfortably, and then all kinds of pieces are nailed on back and sides so that when it is covered with its clean cover it looks just like the real torture chair we all know.

It is not easy for the doctor, because he can't adjust it, but Dr. W. is the kind of man who adjusts himself.

I wish you could see him with the children. He simply has them hypnotized. I expected to hear nothing but howls; instead, just occasional groans such as grown-ups give forth under like circumstances. Dr. W. lays it all to the chair; he says the "good spirits" emanate from that. Well, it is marvelous, whatever the cause, and he hurts them too. But the children are very proud to be taken care of by an American doctor. I saw one small boy's arms and legs stiffen with the pain, but he never clutched the doctor's arms once, as I should have done; he just bore it. The stimulus of an audience is effective too, I think. The chair faces the window on the road, and small heads reach to the window-sill and many pairs of eyes gaze in admiringly.

There were many pathetic cases to-day. One boy of eight with his entire head still bandaged from wounds from shell fire sat so patiently in the chair, his blue eyes fastened upon Dr. W.'s face with a look the doctor will never forget, I am sure. Another case was a little girl of

twelve with one leg gone 'way above the knee; she was hurt in the bombardment of her village. She had soft dark eyes and such pretty hair, but her teeth were in such bad condition she said they ached all the time. But really, my dear, I often wonder whether there are any here who do not ache *all over* all the time!

The real moment in the dental chair is when you have a tooth pulled out. That is now a glorious experience. Dr. W. calls the bad tooth that must come out "a Boche," and I tell you they come out quickly. "Out with the Boche!" says Dr. W., his eyes twinkling, and everybody stiffens, small hands grip the sides, and the "trench is taken!" Really, you know, the dentist who can make himself popular with half-sick, frightened children is inspired. And the older people come too, and are so grateful. None of these things have been available for the civil population for over three years, and these people have suffered so many little inconveniences as well as the big tragedies. You can easily imagine that a grinding toothache is more difficult to bear than a bombardment. One little boy said most emphatically when

asked which tooth ached: "They all ache,—pull them all out."

It is amazing to see how reasonable these youngsters are after all they have been through; and yet there is a side to their obedience that hurts. They act as though they had lived under strict orders and did not dare to breathe if told not to.

As I stood on the steps of the villa before coming back to the hotel to-night, a big fluffy collie dog came bounding up to me in a most friendly fashion. I was astonished to see such a beautiful, well-groomed dog with the rapatrié tag on, but a fine-looking elderly man came up with her and called her off, as she was almost embracing me.

The man had come to take the little crippled girl back to their lodgings. We talked awhile as he waited.

"Julie," he said, "is so eager to find my wife. She died last spring, and Julie has never understood. There are only Julie and Marie left."

He nodded toward the clinic. He was not asking for sympathy, just stating facts. I find such moments hardest to bear. You want to

put your arms around these people,—well—I gave the dog a big hug. She was such a beauty! And when Marie came out on her crutches, you never dreamed of such gentleness as that dog expressed. She just hovered around the child and yet never got in her way. And I heard a thoughtless person criticize these poor people for bringing such pets with them! Well, I can't imagine leaving a dog I loved behind.

Our hospital has one small black-and-white dog living there. It belongs to a very sick little lad up in the scarlet-fever ward, and all day long that little dog sits on the steps watching the door. Many children are carried in and he shows little interest, but let a child come out, and every hair quivers.

It is the little things, the poignant little things that stiffen resolves over here. When you stand in a ward just back of the line, filled with those terribly wounded men, you are all dumb. It is too awful to grasp or sense; you come out dazed; your feelings are all big and general. But when you come down here to these results, especially with the old people and

the children, you find the whole wretched business a personal matter.

Last night I came down to the Casino with an old, old woman, eighty-two years old, she said she was. She looked it. I begged her to ride but she insisted upon walking. She consented to my carrying her bundle. It was so heavy—something round and hard tied up in a thick linen towel—that as my arm ached my curiosity grew. I tried to think out what the bundle could contain. Finally I asked her.

"Ah, Madame! They are my best plates—from my wedding day I have had them."

Little things! I feel all battered and bruised to-night. How are we *ever* to forget these little aching things? You feel that the very buildings in this town will breathe sadness for years to come. And yet think of all the pluck, the bravery and the hope! Yes, these are bigger than the sadness, after all. Good-night. That collie dog made me homesick, and I can't forget those wedding plates, and it's almost Christmas!

Château des Halles, Ste. Foy l'Argentière,
November 20, 1917

I WANT to tell you about this heavenly spot before it is actually opened. I have been waiting for time in which to tell you about it ever since the Red Cross decided to take it and make a convalescent hospital out of it. It is a wonderful old estate with a fine modern château on it that belonged to Monsieur Mangini, the French engineer who built the Riviera railroad. At his widow's death, the Lyon Hospital were given this estate to be used as a convalescent hospital for children. Owing to war conditions the Lyon Hospital Committee could not avail themselves of the château, so they offered it to the Red Cross free, if the Red Cross would leave it fitted up as a hospital after the war. Our Children's Bureau

have been hard at work on the equipping of it for several weeks, and now we are ready for patients. It has been a big job and only through the untiring push and intelligence of Mrs. H., our business manager here, have we been able to open so soon.

In one way the château is an ideal spot for such a hospital. It stands high on a hill with a fine old forest around it of cedars, pines and redwoods, with a splendid farm running on the estate to supply us with milk, butter, eggs and vegetables. The house itself, being modern in arrangements and conveniences—it was built in 1885—adapted itself quite easily to a hospital of wards, isolation rooms, play rooms, laboratory, and even a beautiful Gothic chapel for service, as it is a long walk to any village church. The great job was to supplement its heating facilities, to install a bigger hot water system, and to extend the electricity and arrange for the laundry work in hospital quantities. These things have all been done in the face of difficulties most people would have felt insurmountable, but nothing daunts Mrs. H., not even a stubborn Frenchman. She speaks French just as well as English, and she can

CHÂTEAU DES HALLES. AMERICAN RED CROSS CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN NEAR LYON

sputter as long and as loud as her opponent and be perfectly good-natured and smiling when it is all over. A most healthy respect for her has been established in the château and the nearby villages she has dealt with, more than that,—a real friendly affection. Even the servants, Jean, Marie and Clotilde, whom we inherit with the château, have been able to jump out of the grooves of forty years of service here and do things for her that they have never done before and never will do again in the world I fancy, for any one else but this American woman who astonishes them.

The château is a wonderful place to-night, everything is ready for the first cases; we will begin with ten at a time and work up to one hundred and fifty as our Evian Hospital fills up and needs an outlet for convalescent rapatriés, and of course the rapatriés children who reach Lyon and who need care are welcome whether they have been in our hospital at Evian or not. The little beds are all ready; the walls of the rooms have been carefully covered to protect them. Such beautiful carved woodwork! The lower part has been covered, but nothing hides the paintings in the play-

room, of deer and dogs and rollicking hunters. The deep red carpet has been left on the white marble stair-case so that the great entrance hall used by the staff visitors looks much as it might have looked before. The office, too, is a beautiful room with its Italian marble fireplace filling one end; and old carved cupboards and chests, two fine spacious oak tables and high backed chairs give the feeling of personality one can never entirely separate from such a place. All the furnishings that were practical for our use for offices, staff rooms and management were left in the château, so that much of the beauty remains. I wonder what the children will think.

The fall coloring still lingers in the landscape; it is crisp and cold and so lovely out of doors, and the big house is in apple-pie order for these homeless kiddies from that awful district, the *invaded* district. What little real impression that word made on me before I saw invaded districts, destroyed villages and ruined homes! I am so glad we have the beautiful place for the hospital, it seems to me it *must* be comforting to the children I have seen at Evian to come to such a place as this. The

love and devoted work that have gone into everything here that these Red Cross workers have done, must sink into them somehow.

The village of Les Halles is very much excited over having its loved château opened again; the villagers are largely women and children now, though some old men, gardeners, road menders and the like, are always appearing around the bend of the roads, in blue smocks, with red kerchiefs tied round their necks—the most picturesque human beings in existence, and the dirtiest. The château gardener, Pierre, is the husband of our cook, Marie, and is assigned to military service at the front. He has been so valuable to us on his "permission," that Mrs. H. hopes to get him transferred to Red Cross service. He is fifty years old. It would be a great stroke, for Marie has infinite possibilities for unpleasantness and we feel Pierre is the only one who can keep her in order. As she is inherited with the château we feel anxious. Jean, the butler, stands solidly upon his thirty years of service, and I imagine nothing but a machine gun will ever move him from certain positions.

One thing has been done which Jean finds

it hard to forgive. The fine old oak table, large enough to seat twenty people, has been brought upstairs from the servants' kitchen and rubbed and oiled for the staff dining-room, which has been made out of Jean's china closet. The double blow of changing the table and invading his sacred cupboards has had a most solemn effect upon him. He passed all the food to Mrs. H. *last* at dinner last night; that is his way, we have found, of expressing his disapproval. But there are only six servants now and there is another big table for them. This one is so lovely we are to dispense with any linen for it—even doilies; that too hurts Jean. I think he considers us almost as difficult to bear as the Germans. To have been willed to the Lyon Hospital to start with, and to land in the hands of Americans who move his beloved things about!

And yet I have a feeling he likes us in spite of it all, at least some of us; the Doctor and one of our ambulance men, a boy with dimples and a twinkle in his eyes, get anything from Jean they want, but he has not yet *smiled* upon any of us.

Pierre is different; he is full of smiles; longs

to get back to his beloved garden and grounds. I think he is glad of the new life we are bringing. When we came out here to see the place in early October there was the most exquisite display of gorgeous roses in the terrace garden, blooming alone in the golden sunshine. The château was closed, boarded up, with the servants living in the kitchen region. From that terrace you look down the valley toward Lyon, one of the most beautiful views of French country I have seen anywhere. I think Pierre feels he would rather have little rapatriés here than that awful emptiness that comes to loved places when those who made and loved them have gone. I hope Mrs. H. can get him secured for us. He would be a wonderful tonic for a convalescent child—Pierre and his roses!

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head."

I don't know just why that came into my head, but the beauty of the place, its dead past and all the future that is on the way to it, sort

of fascinate me to-night. A French château, run by the Americans, for the care of little children victims of Prussian militarism! Was there ever such a soil before in which to plant a service?

It is interesting to feel the thrill in the house to-night as the staff wait for the first children. However vain may be the military powers in this world, something very big and beautiful must come out of such a work as this.

As I look across the valley the sunset glow still shines on the spire of a tiny village church piled up against the sky. The beautiful quiet of the night coming on is so peaceful, it is difficult to believe we are here because of war, and yet only yesterday in L—— I saw a little girl of twelve, blind in one eye, three fingers of her right hand gone and her right side injured, as the result of a loaded pencil given her by a German soldier.

Good-night, dear. When the children come, I'll try to tell you about each one of them, the first ones at least. They are coming out from Lyon and we are going in after them, ten of them. I hope at least a few will come from

Evian because then they will find some of us friends here.

I wish you could see the lights and shadows creeping from the woods just back of us. It is going to be a wonderful night, what C. used to call a "Henley night"—

> "the darkening air
> Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night,
> Night, with her train of stars
> And her great gift of sleep."

Speaking of sleep, I must say just one thing more. We all have such strange dreams over here. Last night K. dreamed that over one hundred and fifty beds ordered for the château did not arrive and eight hundred children did, and Pierre planted them all in the greenhouses in rows, saying: "It's the best way for French children—in the spring they come up again in good condition." Voilà!

Château des Halles, Ste. Foy l'Argentière,
November 22, 1917

SUCH a wait yesterday for those children! All day long. They did not leave Lyon until the four o'clock train and it was quite dark when they reached Ste. Foy. I wish I could give you an idea of that little group as they clung together on the platform. They had been told at Lyon that they were the first children to come to the American Hospital, and they must arrive *clean,* and they *must* be good. The result of such a declamation was the most intense and awestricken group. Dr. O., with his usual tact, broke the ice by picking up the smallest child and starting for the ambulance. Miss N. carried another and the rest came eagerly. The ambulance men swung them into the car with a flourish that delighted them, and in

a few minutes they were chattering away, asking questions, and pressing up against the front to see where they were going. When they saw the lights of the château across the valley they began to quiet down a bit, and by the time they reached the château they were silent. A ride was one thing, a strange place was quite another matter. But our nurses and aides were so friendly and gay with them, that although they parted with their coats and caps rather reluctantly, they were too hungry to object to supper. Of course we all hovered around them. We could not help it. It was so splendid to have things really begin.

The children's dining-room used to be the servants' hall. It is a fine room, all paneled in oak, with cupboards lining the walls, and a big fireplace. Mrs. H. has low tables and little benches for the children, and the tables are covered with a checker-board blue and white tile that makes them pretty and easy to keep clean.

How they enjoyed that supper! Many smiles began to come from all but little Jean. He refused to eat. He did not cry, but kept asking for his brother who had not been sent with him. His head was bandaged and his

hands covered with sores, a most miserable looking little fellow. He just sat there, looking at us all and asking for his "frère." When the other children were through little Jean still sat there; so we left him with one of the nurses, and when he was alone, he ate his supper quickly, she said.

Then came the "clean-up" and examination of them all. As much as is known about them came with them on their cards. I am going to give you as much as we know of the first group. I shall not have time probably to do it for the later ones, time gets so full, but those ten will probably be more or less typical of our children.

MARIE is the youngest, four years old; her eyes are almost closed with sores and her ears are even worse. Her father has been killed in the war and her mother has just died in the hospital at Chambéry. At Evian she has two little brothers and a grandmother.

JEAN is next; he is five years old. The nurse found him literally covered with abscesses from the skin disease he has, and the back of his head is in bad condition. No wonder he could not eat at first. His mother is dead, his

father a prisoner. He comes from the lovely Ardennes.

YVONNE and PIERRETTE are sisters, ten and seven years old. Their mother is dead, their father has just been killed. Yvonne is suspicious T. B. and Pierrette is convalescent from diphtheria. They come from the little village of Charmes in the Aisne.

LOUIS is six years old. He comes from Arleux. His father is a prisoner. His mother was killed in January, 1915. He has three brothers and four sisters now at the orphanage in Lyon. The doctor says he is "loaded with infected glands."

Little ETIENNE is five years old. He has just come through from Saint-Quentin where his father and older brother are now prisoners. His mother died last January. He is lucky; he has a twenty-year-old sister who was rapatriéd with him, and she is going to work and look after him when he is well. He is in very bad condition from lack of food.

AURELIEN, ACHILLE and JULES are brothers, five and a half, seven and eight. Their father is a soldier. They told us that so proudly. Their mother died the first year of

the war. They are all suffering from skin diseases. Poor Jules' eyes are so bad he cannot bear the light.

VOLTAIRE is five years old. His father is a prisoner at Lens. His mother is at a hospital in Lille. His big sister Jeanne, eighteen and a half, was allowed to bring him and his two little brothers out; she will look after them. Voltaire is suffering just from the usual skin infection. He will be well soon. He has the sweetest dimples.

The children were very tired last night, just fell into their beds and went right to sleep. They were all together in the big wards; Miss N—— thought it best until they were more at home. No one cried but Jean, and he sobbed himself to sleep. No one could comfort him; he wanted his "frère." I think our nurses suffered more than he did. Miss A—— went in again and again to pat him, and sing to him, but in vain. It seemed such a long time before the little moaning sob stopped.

This morning they are all happy. The hour in the big bathroom, first a soak in the tub and then a shower, made them all shine, and they loved it. They want to know when they will

have it again. Even Jean smiled, although he had to be handled most carefully.

As I came out of the bathroom a little while ago I almost knocked old Jean down. He was listening at the door. Clothilde says he has a "key-hole ear,"—he has listened to everything for thirty years. One thing he is cross about is that he cannot listen, he does not understand. Well, I was delighted to find him listening to the children. He looked quite pleasant. He endures me because I am not of the staff. I was rather hurt at his pleasure at the news that I am going off to Evian tomorrow and will not be back here until Christmas. He assured me it would be too cold to come here for Christmas.

Well, so much for our first ten. We will have fifty here by Christmas. We will increase the numbers as rapidly as our supplies of coal reach us. We want one hundred and fifty here as soon as possible.

The children are exploring the château today, tiptoeing around most eagerly. It is a fairy castle to them, I imagine. My room is in the big wing leading to the chapel and from this floor you can enter the little gallery of

the chapel. I love to look in upon it, it is such a beautiful bit of Gothic, and I did so a little while ago. The sunshine streamed in through the lovely windows across the altar. Below, quite close, little Yvonne was kneeling all alone, her poor thin shoulders shaking with sobs. I closed the gallery door without a sound. I have her card here in my hand. "Yvonne, ten years old. Mother dead. Father has just been killed. Probably tubercular."

And yet only last week in Paris an American newspaper woman said to me: "I am not yet convinced that civilian relief is wise. It seems to me to confuse the issue."

Really there are times when language is most inadequate. The issue! What is the issue if it isn't saving the future generation, little Jeans, Maries and Yvonnes? The military? Yes, always. But what puts more courage into a fighting man than the thought that those he is fighting for are going to be cared for somewhere behind him?

You see men who have been taken from "No-Man's Land"—and it is a terrible place, that land between the enemies' trenches and

our lines—but that little sobbing girl down there came from just as terrible a place,—"No-Child's Land," behind the enemies' trenches.

I get so angry I cry. I always have done that, you remember, and I must not; but to my mind nothing is too good or too beautiful for these ten little un-decorated heroes who have escaped from prison. Be proud of your American Red Cross that stands for the children as well as for their soldier fathers and brothers.

I feel sometimes as though I must shout that from the housetops. Do it for me, won't you?

Château des Halles, Ste. Foy l'Argentière,
Christmas Eve

We came down from Paris last night. Such a crowd at the Gare de Lyon! It is a dramatic episode leaving Paris these days. One always feels "the Lord knows what we may find, dear Lass, and the deuce knows what we may do," but you do get the train if you allow one hour to find which one it is and where your seat may be on it. Last night the station was crowded with soldiers "on permission" for Christmas, going both ways, coming into Paris and leaving for the provinces. It was a thrilling push through the crowd. The French poilu carries so much on his back and over his shoulders that when he gets his bundles all on and covers all with his blue cape, he is a formidable object, and unless you have

bundles suspended in a circle around your middle to meet him with, you are decidedly squashed into a unique pattern when you get through. But such good nature, such Christmas cheer! To watch the crowd outside the gates last night, waiting for the soldiers to arrive, is a side of this war never to be forgotten,—mothers, and fathers awaiting for young boyish sons, wives, sweethearts! They fall upon their poilu and snatch his heavy bundles away, to carry for him.

At Lyon this morning when we arrived, the station platforms were blue with men waiting for our train. I thought we should never get out, they piled into the train so rapidly, by way of the windows as well as doors, until you wondered whether the old cars would stand it.

We found Lyon very cold and covered with dirty snow packed down and frozen, so that we knew the ride out to the château was going to be an adventure. We left Lyon at two o'clock. I sat on the back of the little Ford ambulance. Such a ride! After you grew used to the skidding and could forget the idea that the next lurch might land you in a snow drift, it was wonderful; the lovely winter landscape,

great fields of snow, the trees in heavy white mantles, the bushes, the hedges, all deep with the snow; the tops of the walls so evenly ledged; it was exquisite. And on the road such lovely flashes of color; old men in red mufflers driving their big pink pigs, an old woman in her green shawl with her stick and cow, a soldier now and then in his long blue cape, and once an old man in a deep blue smock and an old red béret driving a donkey. Everywhere, lovely winter; the everlasting beauty of it kept me warm; the soft pure landscape far away from the hideous war!

The forests on the way to the château are of cedar and pine and some redwoods, and with the snow on them, it was fairy land full of Christmas trees. At last across the deep ravine the château came in sight. I remember how old Jean tried to discourage me about the winter when I was here before. I am so glad to be here now.

Our trusty little Ford climbed the last long hill through the forest and we came up to the entrance on the broad terrace where I left old Pierre's roses—now a great stretch of deep, deep snow.

When we stepped into the great entrance hall, the loveliest sight was there, a beautiful Christmas tree all lighted standing just under the graceful curve of the great marble staircase, the deep red of the carpet on the white marble, the lighted tree, the circle of little children sitting before it and our nurses leaning from the landing above on the stairway, and the candle light over all. It was, I am sure, the most exquisite picture the old hall had ever framed. Immediately it was explained to us that these were not our children but the children from the little château village of Les Halles, who had come to bring Christmas gifts to our little rapatriés, and Dr. O—— had decided to give them the old château welcome on Christmas Eve. So the tree had been lighted for them, and the aides had served hot chocolate and cookies to these village children. Our own little patients could not join with them because we do not dare risk contagion out here. Our children are all in such weakened conditions from different causes that great care must be taken. The village teacher was here with the children and they sang a Christmas song. Don't you think it was dear

of our little village neighbors? I saw them waving to our children at the play-room windows as they went off down the snowy road under the Christmas trees.

It was dark by four o'clock, and I had time for just one romp in the play-room before supper. There are fifty children now, and some of them so pathetically happy, some of them sick. They are so good and our aides have worked hard to train them. They marched down to supper to-night so proudly; the smallest one marched with me. It was a picture; the low room, the leaded panes in the wide windows; outside, the winter dusk, snowy Christmas trees and high white drifts everywhere; inside, the warmth and cheer of the supper table and the happy, happy faces and the excited voices, for the Noël was coming swiftly and the children knew it.

It was six o'clock when they were all tucked in for the night in the big ward downstairs and the moon was up making a dream world outside. As we took the lights away, one little boy asked to have the windows left opened wide so he could see "Père Noël" pass by.

SAFE AND HAPPY WITH PLENTY TO EAT. CHRISTMAS DINNER FOR THE LITTLE RAPATRIÉS GIVEN BY THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

And none of the older ones laughed, they all seconded his request.

I slipped upstairs to see the sick children. It is so sad. Little Gaston, two years old, so sweet and fair, is struggling with a bad bronchitis and a severe dysentery. His mother is sick in Evian. He does not smile and just lies there with a little dumb look in his face. No one can make him smile but his brother Maurice, who is downstairs. The other very sick child is Albert, two years old; he has had whooping cough, then pneumonia, now bad dysentery, and to-night Dr. O—— fears another pneumonia. His father is uncertain; his mother is on her way from Evian with four other children and will be lodged in the village near here. I hope she gets here soon. This little mite is pretty sick and yet he still has resistance and his nurse, Miss A——, insists that he is going to live.

After dinner to-night we all gathered in the office to get the toys ready for the Christmas tree. I shall never forget that scene; only the soft lamp light in the beautiful paneled room with its Italian marble fireplace at one end, piled high with great burning logs, the

lights reflected on the black carved oaken chests, the high-backed chairs, the big tables, two of them covered with gay toys, dolls, wooden animals, horns, balls, carts and wagons —the kind one sees on the roads; and our nurses and aides with their white caps and soft white collars open at their throats, their eager interested faces as they chose two gifts apiece for their children. "Jean—Yvonne *must* have that;" Louis must have a "donkey," and every now and then Dr. O——, with his teasing Irish wit, would throw in a remark slighting to some one's particular pet, and then such a shout of protest as rewarded him.

It was wonderful the way these workers forgot their own homesickness and flung themselves into the Christmas at this snowbound château. The blinds were not closed and the wonderful moonlight streamed into the warm Christmas glow of that beautiful room with the color of the gifts, the faces, the voices, sometimes the laughter very close to tears when some one remembered "last year at home." We sat until the fire burned low and the room grew too cold for comfort. I came up to my own fire and have written all this, and

now my log has broken and rolled down on the hearth and I must stop.

Well, we always said little children make Christmas, and to-night the beauty of the old winter world and such a service as this for little children has brought back the old precious meaning of the Christmas tide and the ugly side has vanished into the shadows for the moment.

Christmas night

THE children were awake early this morning; you could hear their eager voices in the distance. The first thing for the Christmas day was the Mass to be celebrated in the beautiful château Chapel. The old curé from the village was the celebrant and every one was welcome. It was pretty cold in the little chapel, but all the well children were warmly wrapped up in their winter coats and sweaters, mufflers and mittens. It was very touching—their joy in the familiar service—the little homeless children kneeling and joining so beautifully in the service they knew so well, and the old curé with his tender voice, his fine face, his proud wearing of the beautiful vestments belonging to the château. Two little rapatrié

boys, Lucien and Marcel, who had been altar boys back in their loved village before this terrible war, helped as of old. They wore no robes, just their winter coats and mufflers, but I shall never forget the little figures kneeling close to the old curé and carrying their part of the service through with such earnest dignity. It must have made them feel less homeless. Some of us knelt in the gallery above and looked down upon it all—the children, the village folk, a soldier standing at the back looking at the altar with its lighted candles, and over it all the tender voice of the old curé. I noticed Yvonne; her sad old little face looked almost happy, and she did not look so pale.

Then came breakfast, which happily for children in France on Christmas day is not a long meal, and then the tree. Just as the children reached the tree all lighted and filled with gifts, old Santy, the real genuine American Santa Claus, came rollicking down the old staircase, and how the children shouted: "Bon jour, Père Noël, bon jour, Père Noël!" He was a wonderful "Père Noël." He shook hands with them all; he hugged them all; he called for a song and four tiny boys sang with a will. He

called for a march and six more marched and sang, led by the gay old gentleman himself. Then he ordered his staff to unload his tree. He settled his glasses on his jolly red nose with great care and began the serious business of reading French names; and what a fuss he made about each little gift and what funny mistakes he made. The children laughed until they cried, and so did the rest of us. The ambulance boys guarded the candles and helped reach for the toys, and presently Santa Claus vanished up the stairway with the gifts for the sick children in a pack on his back and Miss A—— and I flew along with him.

Albert and Gaston were pretty sick, Albert too sick to know, so we just tucked his toys in the foot of the bed. Gaston stretched out his arms for the doll, but no smile.

Jules sits on a chair, helpless, with patient face, sweet smile and his grave brown eyes. He is thirteen and alone. His father was killed in the war, his mother held by the Germans, and he is completely paralyzed. He was so pleased with his books. If he had not been exposed to scarlet fever on his way here, he

JULES, THE "SAINT" OF CHÂTEAU DES HALLES. SENT OUT ALONE BY THE GERMANS COMPLETELY PARALYZED. MOTHER ABLE-BODIED AND HELD BY THE GERMANS

would have been carried downstairs for the tree.

Madeleine, a tall pale child of eleven, was so happy over her paint box,—not for herself, oh no, but for her little brother when he comes; she does not know where he is. She has had glands in her throat and a high temperature. Her father has been killed in the war, her mother is crazy with grief and hardship, the little brother is lost!

Oh, I can't tell you all the heart-breaking records to-night, it would make too sad a story and the day has been full of joy in spite of everything. The playroom has been a gay place all day. At luncheon stern old Jean showed he liked us a little. There was a wonderful basket of holly and mistletoe from the woods in the Estate on the table and in the center stood a little American flag. How we cheered! Old Jean smiled at last, just a grim flash of a smile, but I think he is thawing fast, for our dessert was a wonderful French sweet —Christmas logs they are called—long brown chocolate rolls with wreaths of cream festooning them!

So it has been a beautiful, strange Christ-

mas; the wonderful winter landscape—the snow has fallen all day—and the happy children safe and warm inside. I spent the bedtime hour with the children in the big ward to-night and such a happy chatter! When they were all in their beds and we were ready to leave them, a small boy near me said: "Bonne nuit, Madame," and held out his arms. I held him tight for a moment and then all down the long shadowy ward from each little bed came the call: "Bonne nuit, Madame," and twenty pairs of arms were stretched out to me. It was Christmas night and they wanted to be hugged and kissed. Well, I didn't miss any and I am probably pretty germy, but it was the best of the day.

We have had another evening by the fire. The wind is howling around the château and driving the snow against the windows. Mlle. M—— told us tales of Brittany, old folks tales and legends. England, Rhodesia and fourteen American States were represented in our circle around the fire. We did not talk of home.

As I came to my room a little while ago, I saw one of our ambulance boys come softly out of the room where little Albert is fighting

for his life. Tears were in his eyes; I was glad of my dim pocket light. H—— is a big, fat, lovable boy who keeps a cigar store in his home town. He was refused by the army for overweight. He works like a slave for us, diets hard and worships the children. Albert is his special pet.

In many ways it is most difficult to believe that this is Christmas night, it is all so strange and different; but in all the big warm essential things it has been a wonderful day. I sometimes think the American Red Cross is doing quite as much for the workers as for France.

Château des Halles, Ste. Foy l'Argentière,
December 26, 1917

Still snowing. The hedgerows of yesterday have vanished. Early this morning two oxen strolled by with a snow-plow, and opened our road so the boys could get the cars out of the garage (Pierre's greenhouse). Albert has been very low all day. Mathilde, W——'s favorite, has developed scarlet fever. She is a tiny scrap of a girl, six years old, with a big gland on one side of her neck. Her father is in the trenches and her mother is dead. But W—— from Michigan loves her. He has taught her to say, "Good-morning, Mon. Raymond, I lofe you verry mush." Luckily she has been under observation since her arrival so none of the other children have been exposed. It is not pleasant, as this is for convalescent

children, but until we get a hospital in Lyon, where our children can be under observation for two weeks before coming to us out here, this is liable to happen.

Clothilde, the old maid-servant, had such a funny bout with H—— this morning. Miss N—— sent H—— for some *dry* wood for the fireplace in the room of one of the nurses who is not very well. He was gone some time. When he came back carrying an enormous box of dry wood, Clothilde was at his elbow scolding and protesting as fast and as loud as she could. H—— smiled pleasantly: "I don't know what the matter is, Miss N——. Evidently I have done something Clothilde doesn't like." All the time Clothilde was shouting in French that that was her own particular wood that Monsieur Mangini had given her before he died, for her laundry stove, and that Monsieur H—— was stealing it.

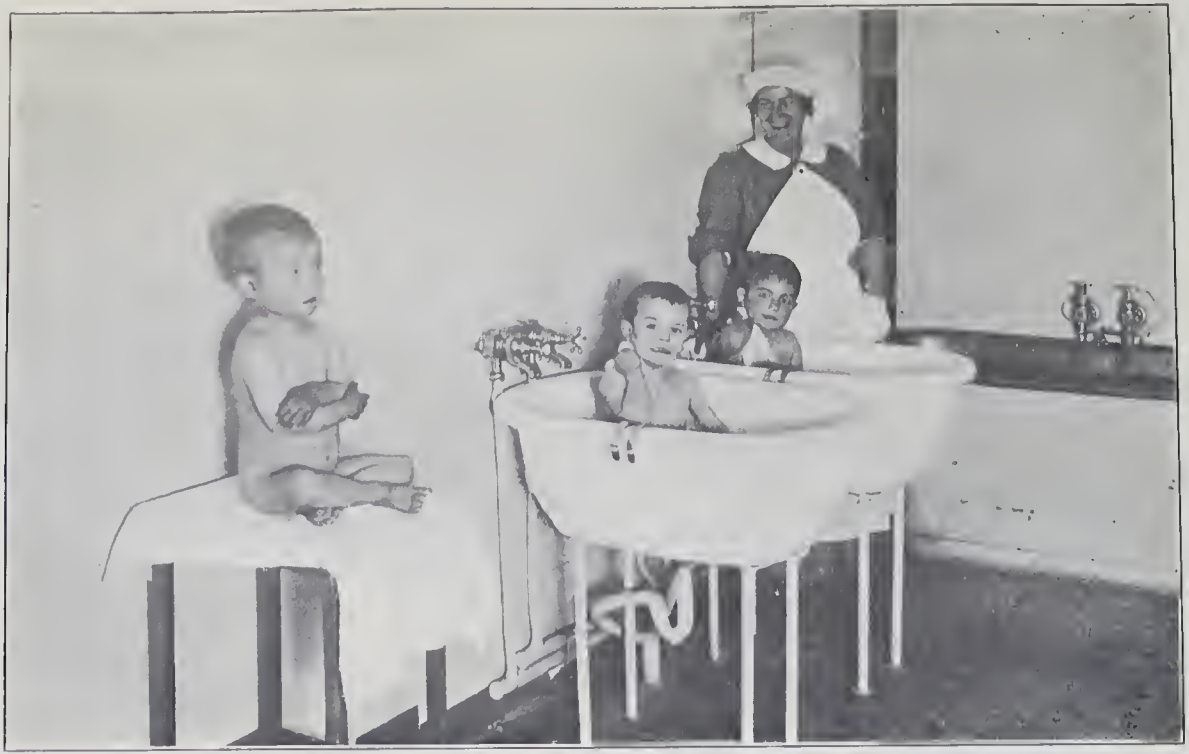
All the while H—— went right on piling the wood on the fire and talking sweetly to Clothilde in English.

"That's all right, Clothilde; I know you are angry. I don't mind a bit. If I only under-

stood what you said I could do something about it, but I don't, so there, there,"—patting her on the shoulder. "You'll get over it and like me again." And before we stopped laughing H—— had Clothilde smiling and offering to get him a cup of "chocolat."

Really H—— is worth his full weight in gold. He never does anything but smile and keep perfectly good-natured, while Jean or Marie or Clothilde rage at something he has done and he talks soothingly in English and it ends in their doing exactly what H—— wants. I can't give any idea of how adorably funny he is, and this morning, when every one was blue because of Albert and Mathilde, the scene over the wood saved us all. Clothilde simply had to laugh when H—— patted her nice dry wood and said: "Now you know, Clothilde, that's très beaucoup" (H—— pronounces it *trays bowcups* always, just to be funny) and it was too much for Clothilde; she broke into a giggle.

This morning I helped with the baths. Six at a time get their scrubbings, first tub and then shower. I drew Jacques-Henri, eight years old, from St. Quentin, father a prisoner,



BATH HOUR AT CHÂTEAU DES HALLES. ONE OF OUR FRIGHTENED CASES ON THE LEFT

mother missing. Jacques has a bad heart and he is the strangest blue color—it is most difficult to determine when he is clean.

This afternoon the ambulance went to the next village to get Albert's mother. She arrived from Evian at noon, and in the dark and the storm it was difficult to find her, but about five o'clock Burns came back triumphant with the poor frightened mother. She herself has been sick in Evian with the four other children. She looked haggard and worn and when she stood by the little bed she said nothing. Great tears rolled down her face; she patted the covers, but did nothing more. The nurse was working over Albert, his big dark eyes looking up at her without a gleam of recognition.

In such moments I long to have you share, not the hardships of the life here, for there are many—cold for instance. The furnace broke down for our side of the château over a week ago and the cold has been terrible and some are suffering badly from chilblains; the wards are warm and the dining-room, but that is all. It will be three weeks before the damage is repaired, and in the meantime water-pipes are

freezing. No, I don't want you even to think of the hardships, but I long to have you see some of the service given by the beloved A. R. C. you work so hard for at home. That scene in Albert's room—the warm, beautiful room, the little bed, the tiny patient so tenderly and splendidly cared for, plenty of warm blankets, clean linen, drugs, a competent, devoted nurse, and the good doctor, the poor pale mother in her dark shabby clothes, looking at all that service as though she had stepped into a dream-world, and oh, the gratefulness!

Dr. O—— had told her that Albert was a very sick baby; she knew that, and yet she looked hungrily at the little face and said, "Oh, but he looks so nice; his eyes look so fine." (They had been very sore when he first came.) "You have helped him so much. He looks much better than when he left me at Evian. Surely he will not die."

It is almost midnight. She is still sitting there by the bed, her figure silhouetted against the window, the winter moonlight filling the room. She wears the heavy shawl of the village woman, and no head covering. Miss A—— wanted her to go to bed, she is so tired,

but she did not want to leave Albert. She has been crooning a little French lullaby very, very softly and Miss A—— thinks the baby is in a natural sleep.

I seem wide awake. I can't get that mother in there out of my mind, and there are thousands of them, homeless and alone, clinging to their children and trying to go on. Brave!

Sometimes you seem to ache with all the suffering around you. One of our helpers here is an English woman. She asked our Bureau in Paris to give her work among the children until she was brave enough to go home. She has just lost her husband and she spent three weeks before his death in a military hospital just back of the lines. She is still a bad sleeper, and we have been talking here by the fire. I don't think I have lived through more difficult moments than during her attempt to tell me the sad story, the fire light on her sad, strong face, the tears rolling down her cheeks, but her voice steady. "It wasn't my own suffering or my husband's that was so hard to bear, but the terrible suffering all around me," she said; "sixty and seventy men a day brought to the little tent hospital like logs; the bleed-

ing and the agony. And at night I heard men sob like children, men who had been the bravest and the most cheerful all day." And yet when I said: "Yes, it is a terrible price," she flashed back at me: "Not too great if we can free the world of the power that planned such horrors."

One can't say much. I still feel we have not earned a right even to offer sympathy, but she knows my love of England and when we talked of familiar places we both love, I think it helped a little.

I have been down the hallway again to Albert's room. Miss A—— says he is better. The present crisis is over. His mother is sitting there asleep in her chair, one hand clutching the blankets of the little bed as if even in her sleep Albert must not lose her touch.

I feel like shouting. Another trench held by the A. R. C. against the enemy!

Evian, France,
February 5, 1918

It has been a wet day, cold and pouring rain —just about the worst kind of a day for these poor homeless people. This morning as that bedraggled crowd of old women and little children, trying to protect their precious bundles from the wet, went through the street, it seemed the saddest convoy I have watched. Rain can be so cruel; it seemed to increase my wrath at the Boche to-day. I cannot bear to have these people meet anything but sunshine here. The first group that attracted my attention was of five children, such nice looking children all clinging together in a frightened kind of way, without any older person along; so I joined them and that little group has filled the day for me.

Oh, if I can only give you a picture of this

little family. The oldest is Cyr, a boy of sixteen, a tall delicate looking lad, with big deep wistful eyes, and a sense of responsibility for the other four children that makes you ache.

The oldest girl, Victoire, is fourteen years old, and of all little mothers you have ever seen she was the most real. She held tight to Jean-Baptiste, a pale little four-year-old boy, with shining yellow hair and dark eyes, quite the lord and master of the children who adore him.

Then came Juliette, a little elf-like creature of nine, and Louis, a seven-year-old, who is coughing his head off with whooping cough. Cyr told me the story after they were all safely in our hospital. They come from Clay-le-Château, not far from Lens. Their father is in the trenches and they have not heard from him for two years. Their mother was killed before their eyes on January 24, 1916. They were all in the cave under their house while the shelling was going on and the little maid-servant had not come down, so mother went up the ladder to find her, Cyr said, and just as she reached the top she was struck and her body fell back into the cave before the children.

He told the story quite simply, with a dull sort of ache in his voice and a matter of factness I can never forget. You can't ask questions of these poor children, but I gather they have been in well-to-do circumstances. Victoire asked me if I ever used an electric iron, saying they had one at home, and they speak of maid and nurse. It all makes it more poignant to me in many ways, what that poor man in the trenches is thinking, the agony of not knowing what has become of his family. The effort to communicate with him began this afternoon. The children are so eager to be claimed.

They have heard a great deal from people on the train about being claimed at Evian, and Victoire said to me with tears standing deep in her blue eyes: "We belong to father, and mother said, if we ever got here, we would surely find him."

Fortunately Cyr knew the regiment and company, and we have every hope of finding him if he is alive.

Little Jean-Baptiste is in the worst condition in many ways. He was born in April, 1914, and he has a bad heart. Victoire says

he has just had chicken-pox. Altogether the little fellow is in very poor condition. Victoire herself is just "nerves" and has been exposed of course to the chicken-pox and whooping cough. Juliette has the chicken-pox now.

The one joy in their hearts to-night is that they are all together. Poor little Victoire was so afraid she would be left out because she was not actually sick at present.

These children need a month or so at the Red Cross Convalescent Hospital at that lovely Château des Halles. They are the kind that will respond to all the beauty of it, and Cyr needs it so. I don't know whether he is tubercular or not, but he looks so delicate. He says his oldest brother is a prisoner in Flanders, and that his mother was eager to hear from him. Cyr asked me if I thought he could find a way of communicating with his brother.

That is what has impressed me so deeply about this family. They all seem to have just one desire—to do all the things their mother had talked to them about before she was killed over a year ago. They have clung together, living in the cellar of their home and then in other people's cellars as the line moved back,

and probably going through one terror after another; and yet they have come back filled with what mother wanted them to do. The record Cyr gave says the father's name is Jean-Baptiste and the mother was Hortense, thirty-five years old, when the bomb ended it all and her brave body rolled back into the cave before her children.

Oh, I hope the miracles are happening and that somehow that brave soul knows her children are safe to-night in this big splendid hospital. As for the father, I suppose it is too much to ask to have him alive and well. I think Cyr is hopeless, but Victoire thinks "father will answer." I sided with Victoire just to encourage Cyr, but when I think of the two years that have passed since they have had any word from him, my belief in miracles becomes very tense—I don't know!

Well, there have been dozens of other children to-day, but I haven't time to record them all. This family the nurses took particular interest in, and let me trail around and be close to them to-day, and I think I can help the time pass until the answer comes from "father," *if* it comes.

Evian, France,
February 6, 1918

My little family have been very quiet all day from exhaustion, the reaction after the excitement of yesterday. Victoire has the chicken-pox to-night and she is delighted. She seems to think it settles her securely in the hospital; but they have slept most of the time, Cyr, as though he had not really slept for weeks. He feels that the children are safe and he can forget for a time. We told them it might be a week or two before they hear from their father, so they did not expect anything to-day, although Cyr asked the question when he woke up late this afternoon. I find myself so intense about it, I feel that a father has just *got* to be produced.

It is still raining and both convoys have been

crowded, about seven hundred and fifty in each. Our hospital has received twenty-eight contagious cases to-day and the one hundred and seventy-five beds are full to-night.

But I am all "wrought up," as Martha used to say, about the *most* distressing bit of tragedy I have witnessed in any of my trips to Evian. We have to-night in the babies' room on the non-contagious floor of the building, four Boche babies abandoned by their mothers to-day. Oh, I have had a lot of theories about this particular wretchedness, but I am in one big muddle about it all to-night. I saw those mothers and I can't blame one of them for leaving these children behind. All four of the women found letters here from their soldier husbands, eagerly waiting for their return.

One woman said, "How can I go to him with this Boche child?" That was Madeleine's mother; Madeleine is a year old, a poorly developed little creature with a club foot. "If only she were pretty!" The poor mother wept her heart out, came back three or four times to change her mind about leaving the little thing, but at last went off. She was a gentle dark-eyed young woman of about thirty, I

should say. Her two children had died the first year of the war. She couldn't take that child to her people, and she couldn't bear to leave it alone. It was the cruelest struggle you can imagine, and you felt so helpless; there was nothing you could say or do.

Isabelle is ten months old, poorly nourished, but a rather nice, fair little baby. Her mother's face was like a stone; it expressed nothing. She was perfectly silent and calm. The baby showed care and niceness in its clothing and clung to its mother. She was gentle with it but firm. You felt that her decision had been made long ago, back perhaps in her lovely village of Revin in the Ardennes, and that nothing could move her now. I noticed when she consented to leaving an address, she took her husband's letter she had just received from next her heart. It may be, with her blouse open at the throat, that was an easy place to carry it safely, but her eyes as she turned the pages and the deep red that went over her dark stony face, made me feel that the intensity of her feeling for her fighting man, who was alive and waiting for her, far outweighed the claims of this child she had brought in.

Eugénie is a scrap of five months, with a strange deformity of head; and the fourth is the only boy, Robert, four months old, with bad, discharging eyes, both too young and too strange looking to have won much of a place in their mothers' hearts.

Eugénie's mother said: "I am sorry, but I cannot take her. She is saved, though; she has been baptized Catholic."

We found they had all been baptized Catholic. Strange! isn't it?

It isn't just the fact of illegitimacy. It's the awful bitterness and hatred that is behind such scenes. I look at the poor babies, who are so helpless and pathetic, and I think I have never seen anything more shocking; but, oh, the mothers! That any human being has been forced into such a hideous struggle, is what is so hard to bear. And there you are. But one great big fact remains clear, that the power that brought this on a peaceful world has got to be crushed, *now*. . . .

Later.

I was interrupted just here, and in the meantime I have seen another tragedy, worse than

all the rest—a mother, practically dying of tuberculosis, with four children clinging to her; Laure, a pale girl of eight; Albert, five years old; Albertina, four years old, and a baby, fifteen months old. Laure explained that this little Jules was her mother's baby, not her brother, but a Boche. The quiet scorn of that eight-year-old girl cut you like a knife. The poor mother, only twenty-eight years old, is the saddest victim I have seen. She has been sent to the tuberculosis hospital at Thonon, and the children are here, as the baby has the measles and is tubercular and little Albertina's card is marked "Suspicious T. B." They were brought to the A. R. C. hospital.

This is a night when I am in perfect sympathy with our soldiers, who are so eager for hand-to-hand encounters that, unless watched, they throw discretion to the winds. As I came back to my room something happened to make it possible to go on.

I peeked in at Jean-Baptiste. He knows three prayers by heart which Victoire has taught him. He was kneeling in Miss A——'s lap with his arms tight around her neck saying them, and the little rascal was making it just

as long a ceremony as possible, with interminable entr'acts. Victoire from behind the isolation curtain was trying to hurry him, but to no avail. If you could see the nurse you wouldn't blame Jean-Baptiste. I love to think that thousands of these poor kiddies are going to have stowed away in the happy side of their memory boxes the love and devotion of our American Red Cross nurses.

After you finish reading this, won't you just hug blessed Joey and David kind of especially for me. I have seen so many little chaps just their ages to-day. To be four years old, to be six years old, and alone, "Mother killed by bomb, father in the trenches"; the hundreds of cards on which it says that, catalogued in this little town here to-day, *must be answered* by the whole civilized world.

Evian, France,
February 7, 1918

THANK goodness, the sun came out to-day! I was so depressed last night, as you know, that I was a dangerous member of the community. But the warm sunshine and the fun of taking some of the children out on the sun porch cheered me up. I stayed away from the convoys to-day. I felt I was too full to witness any more and remain *useful.*

The children love the sunny roof from which they look down on the lake and across to Lausanne and the high mountains to the southeast. We took André out first. He is a most bewitching little chap of three and a half, whom nothing can kill apparently. He has had whooping cough, chicken-pox and measles, and still smiles. His mother is held a prisoner

by the Germans in Lieburg; his father has been killed. He came through all carefully labeled to be delivered to his aunt, but she can't be found as yet, so André continues to be spoiled by the nurses. But he is so sweet and so jolly that he is a tonic to the others.

This morning he pranced around making faces and doing his best to make dear Fernand laugh. Fernand is fourteen years old; he comes from Belgium, where his father is a prisoner; his mother was killed in 1914. The boy has a bad heart and an infected foot. He brought just one connection out and that was his brother serving in the Belgian Army. This brother had been written to, and only yesterday the letter from his commandant came informing us that L—— had "died for France in the battle of Bois St. Mard, October 1914."

Fernand has said nothing—just holds the precious paper in his hand, and occasionally screws his face down into his pillows. So we are glad of André's pranks.

I think Fernand will make friends with Felix; he is just about the same age, with the same tragedy—father died at Mons, his mother killed by a bomb in Lievin when walking along

the street with Felix. Felix has a bad heart, and looks so sort of knocked out by life.

I don't see how the lads survive such shocks. I should think the future medical specialty would be *hearts*—broken, smashed, bleeding hearts to be mended out of the wreck of this awful war.

I wish I could make you see another star performer we have here named Mathilda Zonella. She is six years old and has a generous supply of T. B. glands. She has been in isolation with Eugene, aged seven, who has rickets and is dull and shuffles about. But he adores Mathilda and she bosses him around as she does everybody. Some days she won't notice him at all and then he is very sad, but still adores her. She is a little queen. We don't know anything about her, but her name and the written instructions on a card around her neck, "Please keep her safe," and the mother's name and the town she sent the child from. Evidently Mathilda is some one very precious —she certainly acts the part. This morning on the roof she pulled her chair quite apart from the rest of us and sat there rocking and singing to the Teddy bear she loves, and at

ALL POSED FOR HER PICTURE. LITTLE GIRL OF THE "ÉCOLE MATERNELLE" WHERE THE AMERICAN RED CROSS PROVIDES FOOD TO SUPPLEMENT THE LUNCH OF THE SCHOOL CANTEEN

every laugh from the rest looked most disapprovingly at us, but said nothing. It was really too ridiculous for words, to see her.

While we were out there we had a great excitement for Solange. Do you remember the little nine-year-old girl I told you about, who had lost her mother in the flight from Lille and who had not seen her father since the war began? Well, he came while we were sitting there in the sun. Just another miracle. He walked right out on the porch unannounced, and I was thankful Solange was not a heart case or she would have died of joy. After he had held Solange tight in his arms for about an hour, it was very sweet to see this French poilu go out shyly to the other children. He sensed their tragedies and you felt he was doing a lovely bit of fathering for some unknown comrades. He talked to Fernand and Felix quite as he would to soldiers and you could see the boys bracing up under his kindness.

He had received the letter about Solange just when his permission was due, so he had come at once. He told me he would wait here his full time in hopes that his wife may come through. Then he is willing we should send

Solange to the Château des Halles to be made strong and well. He was most touchingly grateful. He kept saying: "You Americans are doing this for our children? How splendid! I did not know."

Late this afternoon another glad and sad thing happened. The father of another family here of three, Marie, three and a half years old, Jules, five, and Kruger, seven, came hurrying into the hospital. Kruger was the only one who seemed to know him; they had not seen him for three years, and the younger ones did not remember him, of course. That man's joy over finding them—he had come of his own volition just to see if his children and wife had come through—and his grief over the record Kruger's card showed, that the mother had died three months ago in the hospital at Saint Quentin, was really the most pitiable struggle I have ever seen. He just hugged those children close, with the tears rolling down his face, and then when he saw that was frightening them, he would try to laugh and brush away the tears and talk to them cheerfully.

So our sun porch this morning had many aspects, sad and glad. I shall hate to leave

to-morrow. I am going over to the A. R. C. Convalescent Hospital near Lyon, dear Château des Halles. We have one hundred and seven children there getting well and rested. Gabrielle is making me an Easter card, cross stitched "Happy Easter," Evian, and then her name. You remember she is the little girl of seven who lost her left eye in a bombardment.

What would this old world do without these youngsters who cling to life with the tenacity of surgeon's plaster?

P. S.—I found Irene crying in her small bed as I put my head in to say good-night. Irene is eight years old; her father was killed in 1914; her mother died of tuberculosis in 1917. Irene was crying because the boy in the next bed had said she was an *orphan*. She says she *isn't* an orphan, she has a *sister*. Bless her heart!

Somewhere in France,
February —, 1918

Some day you can know "where" and "when"—for the present all I can give is the "what" of this thrilling experience. The realness and the unrealness of this war world are inextricably bound up together. The crowds of tired poilus asleep on the station platforms as we left Paris are very real. One tall fine looking French gentleman was saying good-by to his son quite close to our compartment window this morning. Over and over again he kissed that young officer of his good-by, on both cheeks, then stood with his arm around him until the train started and the young fellow jumped on to the moving carriage. That father's face seemed to start us off with a sense of the great reality, the nearness of Death.

You knew by the mourning bands on the father's sleeve that he had already given of his own. He saw only the boy those few moments there. I can never forget the agony of that good-by. These French fathers have an intensity about their sons this fourth year of the war that seems to wither you; the ache of it all!

It's a beautiful valley, the valley of the Marne, and if one did not constantly see the black crosses along the roads and in the fields one could never connect it with war. Those crosses are so *real;* the artificial wreath of flowers, loved by the French, hangs on the crosses, the only *unreal* touch. To many I saw a little pathway worn and fresh flowers on the ground. The little village gardens are beginning to be green again. Constantly as we passed slowly along, a real American smile greeted us, a wave of the hand, a cheer from a group of khaki-clad, broad-hatted soldiers who recognized our American "Hello."

I can't believe it, my dear, that our troops are here in France, thousands of them, settling down into the soldier's life. You have seen them march away from American towns, I

have been here too long for that. I just suddenly find them crowding station platforms, pouring down village streets in France, and I am a foolish old goose about it. Things get blurry and I have a perfectly absurd sense of personal possession. I respect officers' "Reserves," but no mere private escapes me. I ask him his name and home address and write his mother that I have seen her boy and that he looks happy and well—perfectly sentimental, I know, and I can't explain why I do it, but I am getting some wonderful "thank you's" from home. We American Red Cross women here of respectable age *ought* to mother these American boys, don't you think so?

I longed to get off the train this morning at every stop, but we had to content ourselves with hand shakes through the windows. We reached T—— at two o'clock. It has been a brilliant day, warm sunshine and blue sky. The station was crowded with soldiers; there was the noise and hum of voices, the buzz of aeroplanes overhead, the busy life of the town going on as usual, and the distant sound of guns, just about as unreal, then, as the artificial wreaths along the road.

We went down the winding street across an ancient drawbridge to the town, and close by the square we found the funny little hôtel crowded with officers, ambulance men, Y. M. C. A. men, and nurses here and there. It could not be war; it seemed impossible. We found some rooms and left our bags and started off to see our Red Cross hospital for children here which we started in August, 1917, in connection with Préfet M——'s refugee home for the children of these poor little gassed villages in this lovely country.

Naughty boys and girls of the War Zone who won't wear their gas masks, or are too little, are collected into these refugee centers, and the need of a hospital for them was so great that it was the first one our Children's Bureau started six months ago.

Just as we were getting into the ambulance to drive the two miles to the hospital, the siren began blowing and every one rushed into the streets to watch the big German taube sailing in the blue sky overhead, with a dozen little puffs of smoke breaking all around it like wads of cotton. That siren meant we were all to get out of the streets so as not to be struck by

flying pieces of shrapnel, but it seemed to me to have just the opposite effect. I found myself calmly watching the fight as though it were quite detached from anything on earth.

We waited a while until the big taube sailed away and we went off across the river between the two forts, to the hilltop where the hospital and refugees are.

It is a wonderful location, an old army barracks converted into a home for four hundred and eighty children and about fifty mothers, and a hospital of ninety-five beds for the use of the whole district. The children were all out in the sunshine having their bread and chocolate. As the hilltop is between the two forts, the shelling goes on daily and the children have to be kept inside out of the way while the air fights go on. We have made it plain to the Germans that this is a hospital for children, but who can tell? Why hesitate to bomb the children when you have already attempted to gas them? Oh, this mad psychology of the German military staff!

I was much interested in two groups of children, those who had been there since August and those who had just come. I felt a big Red

Cross pride in the first group, the children looked so well and happy and clean; the others looked pale and frightened, bearing the marks of the inevitable filth diseases. The delousing clinic is still a thriving part of the institution. These children here seem worse than those who come through Evian. I have a new respect for a louse—I had no idea what mischief just one can do if left to roam about the human head. I saw this afternoon some of the most awful sores and ulcers on heads and necks of these newly arrived children.

One small boy, Henri, has lost one eye in the bombing of his village. One of the nurses told me that he is the naughtiest little rascal about the air fights; he wants to stand in the middle of the barrack square and watch it all. We have a detail of soldiers who guard us up there, giving the alarms and getting the children under cover as quickly as possible.

I talked with one little woman whose only child has been very sick with pneumonia in the Red Cross hospital here. She has a small farm up near the line. It's spring almost; she wants to prepare her ground. The Germans bomb her if she works in the daytime, and at night

they throw gas bombs, but she shrugged her shoulders: "Je me fiche d'eux, je mets un masque et travaille dans l'obscurité" (I fool them, I wear a mask and work in the dark). Yes, she goes the six kilometers at night and carries on the work of her little farm. I had the feeling as I stood there in the sunshine listening to that little French woman, that to be able to care for her one small boy was worth the whole Red Cross hospital. I rather like the idea that the American Red Cross kept the son of such a mother alive, don't you?

We came back to T—— just at sunset. It was almost warm; the smell of earth was everywhere and I had to talk vigorously with Mack about carburetors, of which I know nothing, to keep the thoughts of early spring at home out of my mind.

As it grew dark the town seemed to have doubled its population, soldiers, soldiers everywhere, and for the first time to-day no distant guns—a rather ominous silence.

The siren sounded all through the dinner hour to-night, but no one noticed. I saw a man move a little away from the window, that was all. If the church bells ring, we have been

told to go to the caves in the cellar here. I keep wondering whether I'd rather dodge in the open and run the chances or sit in a dark cave expecting to be buried alive any moment.

After dinner all was quiet for a time. B—— and I walked out into the little street to the fountain in the square, but it was so crowded with soldiers of all colors we came back to sit in the restaurant and write up the inspection reports by the dimmest of lights.

It is difficult to do, there is so much going on. The waiter sends many drinks to the sidewalk tables just outside and we hear the chatter of the soldiers, the rumble of the machines on the cobble stones, the laughter of children passing. It is a strange hour. Finally the big iron shutters have been slammed down and the street door closed. The officers still laugh and talk in the back room; two hungry cats dash madly about looking for food. Our proprietress, Madame X——, leans on the counter and talks to her pretty daughter. A tired-looking little boy washes glasses behind the bar. Slowly the men are going out, some quietly, some noisily. The pretty dark-eyed daughter gets many salutes!

Later.

No, not a bomb, but some music—the sound of a drum roll! We rushed out into the black street to see. It was just seething with soldiers pouring out of the little theater next door. We asked the bar boy and he said these are Moroccan troops "on repose here." They have suffered heavy losses and the town had given them a "theater party" as reward for good fighting. It was a weird scene; the flash of pocket lights lighting up an occasional dark face with red fez above, the strange cries, the calling of numbers. For half an hour the street rang with calls and voices, little lights twinkling, people leaning from house windows, and finally in the dark the regiment formed and marched away with bugle and drum. I came up here to my room to the little balcony to look down upon the bedlam. It was unbelievable in its strange significance. I have come back to the restaurant to tell you this. The chef and his assistants are now having their evening meal. It is ten-thirty. The street outside is quiet. I think we will get some sleep before guns begin. A strange world!

Somewhere in France,
February —, 1918

We did have a good night last night. I heard the siren several times, but it was quiet otherwise. To-day has been full of all kinds of impressions. This busy little war town fascinates me.

This morning we walked through the winding streets. The soft color of the walls, the vines hanging over, early spring blossoms in boxes here and there, made charming glimpses at every turn. We stepped into the cloisters of a beautiful church, Ste. G——, so lovely with its fan-vaulting, and old, *old, old;* and then into the church itself with its lighted altar, the worn battle flags, and flowers everywhere. In the corner of the little nave was a rough wooden hut for the soldier's guard. Just be-

yond the church we met the curé driving in his little basket phaeton, his fine sweet face under his broad clerical hat, and his caped coat making an old painting out of him.

We reached the cathedral square just as a bride with her soldier bridegroom drove up from the Hôtel de Ville, with six of their family or friends. We followed them at a distance through the great door of the cathedral, up the beautiful nave, and sat a little way from them. Two little altar boys in white with red capes came first and lighted the candles on the altar; then the priest in his beautiful vestments stood at the altar steps and the little bride and her soldier knelt before him with the others close behind them, and all through the brief ceremony the siren whistled loudly, but no one seemed to notice. The whole party went off with the priest to sign the register, while we strolled through the aisles, reading the touching war prayers and memorial tablets. There was one to a young aviator, "un pilote tombé pendant un héroïque combat" ("a pilot who fell in heroic action"). I suppose that means little white wads of cotton in a blue sky!

The cathedral is very beautiful, the old stone tracery so exquisite, but all sense of shelter and peace is gone. I kept thinking of what a splendid target it was in the landscape. Just as we came out, the scream of the siren sent us to cover in a "cave voûtée," in a stable opposite the cathedral, where we waited until the firing ceased, and then walked back to the hôtel.

If only I could reproduce the little pictures of the life in the quaint door yards and shops; at the open square a fruit stand with two peasant women and a nun in her black and white, talking earnestly; close to them an old donkey braying his head off, a more terrible noise than the siren; and everywhere in the crowded streets our American soldiers!

The town is so picturesque it is most unreal. I feel as though it must be just a grand-opera stage and not war at all, but the siren keeps jolting me back into life. Just as we reached the hôtel the tocsin sounded and the street cleared. We investigated the cellar and found the old concierge and four of the servants sitting in rustic garden chairs close to the rows of wine bottles. The old man is very nervous

and was eager to have us remain long after the "C'est fini, c'est fini" announced that the danger was over.

As we sat at the sidewalk tables after lunch, a very dingy old man came up the street beating a drum. He stopped close to the fountain, beat very hard for a few moments and then in a loud voice read the law on the subject of lights out at night and no street lights, or "the Boche will surely come." No one seemed to pay attention to him; the army cars, the Red Cross ambulances, the heavy motor lorries rumbled by; the soldiers laughed and talked, all kinds of soldiers, French, American, Italian, Algerians, Moroccan, East Indians, Chinese—just the most unbelievable groups of men in the world. And all so gay and cheerful and in wonderful condition! A regiment coming back from the front-line trenches passed by, dirty, yes, but the most splendid, well-fed, happy-looking set of soldiers you can imagine. I have been sort of nervous and anxious before coming here—the tension among civilians has been noticeable—but up here close to the real business the spirit

is wonderful. There is no fear here, I assure you.

This afternoon we spent at the Hospital St. C——. The French surgeon at the head, Docteur Pillon, has such a fine face, with a look of strength and sweetness about his eyes. He was gracious and kindly and so eager to show what was needed for his men. There are three hundred men in that hospital, with only fourteen nurses, so you can imagine the burden. Fifty thousand men have been in his operating room and he is in need of instruments. A wounded aviator was brought in while we were there, both legs fractured, and smashed jaws. When I come to such moments I have such a strange feeling of exaltation sweep over me, and it is caused by the thought of those twenty-two million members of the American Red Cross at home. I wonder if you will ever realize what that has done over here, that backing. When we meet a need here, the American Red Cross says "Yes" *instantly.* No "hesitations," no "ifs." Twenty-two million Americans say yes to your need of instruments, Docteur; yes, to your wounded man from out the blue; yes, to the

women and children from bombed villages. Never again will I scorn the drudgery of membership committees. Twenty-two million people behind the needs of our boys here for hospital care and comforts! Is it any wonder they walk these little streets of France with a confidence that is contagious, that has quickened these little towns with fresh courage and hope?

I can't help writing this. I am so afraid the home people won't be told often enough what their Red Cross means over here; every one is so busy doing the work that few write of this feeling. I was talking with a French social worker the other day, of the war and the different terrible crises they have passed through and the plight of the civilian populations, and she said: "For us there has always been the *miracle*. Since the Marne we know that, however black the clouds, the *miracle* will happen. That's what we call the American Red Cross, you know, our 'miracle of 1917.' We saw no way through this winter until you came."

Oh, my dear, do everything you can to make the people feel this at home. I must stop; the

candle has burned too low to see. We are here waiting for papers to make the trip over the gassed villages in search of children, and to the first-aid dressing station just back of the line. We will probably get off Monday.

Somewhere in France,
February —, 1918

I DIDN'T write yesterday; just rested. We went into the cathedral in the morning. It was crowded with soldiers. Then a long walk in the afternoon and early to bed for the trip to-day.

All night long troops went through in the dark. I stood on my little balcony watching the moving mass of men marching through with only an occasional flash of light from a pocket lamp to show them the turn at the fountain. It seemed the most sinister thing, that moving of regiments in the dark. I watched for an hour and then went back to bed. The sound of marching feet went on until dawn. I could not sleep; I kept wondering what the men thought as they went along in the darkness, so silent, men from all

over the world marching together against a common enemy. It was a thrilling sound, those thousands of feet on the cobble stones. I feel that I shall never hear it again without the thought of that darkness last night.

We left for the trip promptly this morning. The French Colonel of the division gave us his car and provided us with gas masks. I think the latter make one rage even more than the submarine. Such a dirty, underhanded, sneaking kind of warfare forced on a civilized world! The masks are an awful trial; I certainly don't blame the children for refusing to wear them.

It was a wonderful morning, sunny and warm after the awful cold of winter, and a look of spring in the fields. Of course we may have more snow, but it does not seem possible such days. It was perfectly quiet everywhere, not a sign of war; just beautiful rolling country at the first glance; then we began to notice the clever camouflage of barbed wire, and entrances to communicating trenches.

We stopped at the first village to get our escort, the officer who takes charge of you on such a trip and makes things as safe as pos-

sible. While waiting we stepped into an officers' graveyard by the side of the road. There was a big shell hole near, but the gallant rows of crosses seemed to stand fearlessly in the sunshine.

Our second errand was at M——, where Section O, American Ambulance, were busy getting the picturesque old cowyard converted into a livable camp. The barracks were being cleaned with a right good will. There was much laughter and talk. Two big smiling boys were disinfecting the beds. I shall never forget the fun they were getting out of that disagreeable job. The rows of ambulances were under cover. There was no sign of a camp, just a farmyard, but these cars run between the first-aid dressing stations and the base hospital.

It was there I discovered with a jolt that we were within range of German guns; and from there on I noticed our road was screened. Here and there a section would be clear, but the sign "Ne pas stationner" (Do not linger here) sent our car leaping past the gaps with a speed that took your breath away.

At every village we stopped and hunted

about among the ruins of little farm buildings until we found the few civilians, old men, women and a few older children clinging to cellars of what once was home to them. I cannot understand it. I know all the reasons *why* they stay, but I do not see *how* they stay; I feel I should go anywhere to get away from the guns and the gas.

We stopped for lunch at the village of B——. About half of the village was in complete ruins, the rest just sort of casually wrecked here and there. There were eight people left in the village, the Mayor, his wife and sister, the curé and his old mother, and three old men. The Mayor begged us to eat with them in all that was left of his house—one low-ceilinged room with a big fireplace with its little iron crucifix on the mantelshelf. There was a low table in the middle of the room with long benches on either side, where we spread out our lunch, sardines and black bread. Such hospitality as that man and his wife offered us! They begged us to eat their bread and save our own. We knew the bread they had was a strict ration and if we took it they would go without, but we ate of theirs and

left ours on the table unnoticed in the formalities of departure.

The restored church was the most poignant thing we saw there with its temporary roof built by the soldiers. And the most amusing person we met was the curé's mother. When she discovered that we were Americans she said: "Mais, vous n'êtes pas noires . . . vous avez l'air de Françaises!" ("But you are not black, you look like French women").

We sped along the road some distance, not very far I should say, when a soldier seemed to come up out of the ground by the roadside where we slowed down to turn sharply to the right, to skirt what looked like a low green hill. I asked where he had come from and the French officer explained, from the front-line trench so many yards away!

Yes, there I was within *yards* of German trenches. I am going to disappoint you horribly; I wasn't thrilled a bit; I was terrified, just completely terrified, and I had but one thought, and that was to turn the car around and fly for safety. But of course you don't do it—you go on. The car stopped, and presently signs of movement on the side of that

green hill showed that we had reached something.

We got out of the car and walked across the little open space, and there it was—the First Aid Dressing Station. That small green hill was a human beehive, the home of many men connected with the battery there. It was the cleverest disguise you can imagine; you would never have noticed it a few yards away. It has never been shelled.

The French surgeon showed us his little hospital in the hill, the room where the men receive first-aid treatment and bandages, each man given the tetanus toxin and then rushed back by ambulance to the nearest hospital. That clever doctor is constantly experimenting with the gas he catches in a trap, and he has saved hundreds of lives by his results in new protective measures. He has wonderful baths for his men there also, a fine big shower room built in the hillside. When the sector is quiet, men come back in relays from the trenches, have their baths, and go back clean.

It was all perfectly amazing to me, the normality of life attempted and achieved. I can't imagine taking a bath if I were in a front-

line trench opposite German trenches, and yet I saw in the two hours we were up there this afternoon dozens of men with their towels over their arms going back and forth to the showers, hot showers, mind you, and there was a recreation room also.

The colonel of the battery had a concert for us—two violins and a 'cello, and the men played beautifully. It was all unbelievable. All the time the battery located somewhere behind us was firing the famous 75's over our heads! The colonel apologized for the noise; he said he would stop it, only it was their custom at that hour to drop a few shells into the German trenches and he didn't want to disappoint any one! I disgraced my whole family, I suppose, by jumping every time a shell went over us, but it amused the poilus tremendously, so I don't care. I was frightened out of my wits and it was impossible not to show it. None of this was included in my education, —shells that you can't even see whizzing over your head had not been my idea of cannon balls. I thought them large, round, and black and perfectly visible in their flight,—just an old-fashioned gentlemanly performance. Now

I know that a shell is simply two bangs a few seconds apart, and that you feel as if *one* were absolutely all you could bear.

The poilus, bless them, kept me from running; they were so smiling and careless, and so interested in us. I was so glad we had the car full of cigarettes. The gallantry, the bravery, the cheer of those men up there, I count the most precious impression of to-day—a whole little world in itself.

I saw that little open rack on wheels in which the wounded are brought back from the trenches on the tiny track. Once it brought a dead man and the surgeon pointed to the left, and there the little track ran up to a wooded corner where the graves were, all carefully tended. Twice wounded men were brought in, treated and put gently into the ambulance by our American boys, and out on to the road and away. The sight did much to reconcile me to the noise of the 75's.

On our way back we visited three hospitals, all under fire, screened from the roads, and filled with wounded men. There are no women nurses in these French hospitals, and I longed for them. The men looked so uncomfortable

and the wards had that clumsy *man* look. Many of the men were septic; oh, such terrible suffering and such cheerful patient faces!

How are we ever to forget the fact that the Germans *bomb* hospitals?

You can imagine that I am rather limp after the day. We came into T—— just at sunset; the siren was blowing and the firing from the forts was heavy. I surprised myself by not noticing it very much; it was all so mild after our day. Just a few minutes ago word came from our host at lunch that an hour after we left, the bombardment of his village began again and there is nothing left "ce soir." He had gotten away with his wife, and was "so thankful that the kind Americans had escaped."

These beloved French people, they break your heart! Can you imagine thinking of the safety of some casual French visitors, if *your* village had been completely demolished and you had barely escaped?

To-night I'd rather be an American Red Cross nurse in France than, well, than the Queen of Belgium I have been envying for three years!

Somewhere in France,
February —, 1918

THE day has been so tremendous, I doubt if there is any use beginning with this wobbly, half-burned candle that I blow out every time the siren screams. We are having a lively evening!

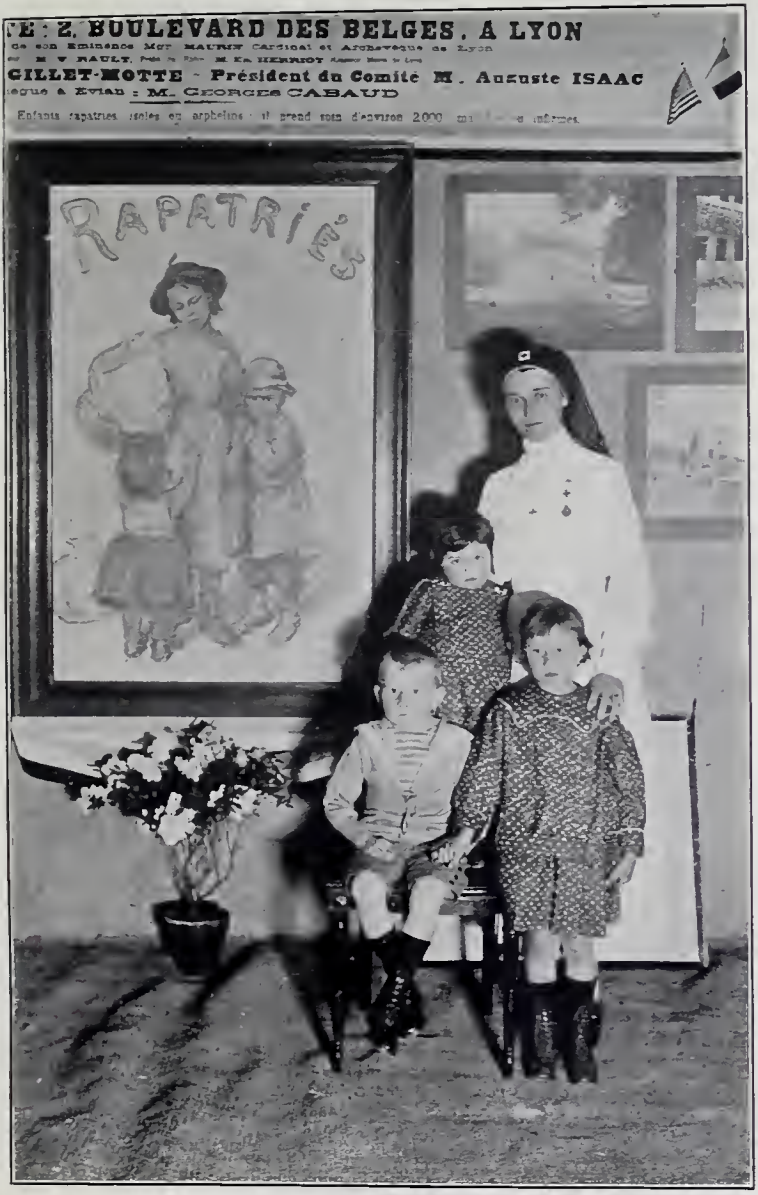
We left in a big gray car—9807—at nine this morning. We went spinning along the road from T—— to N——, a wonderful road, not a war road but a park boulevard and most amazing! That road is kept in perfect condition all the time. Troops move rapidly here, I assure you.

N—— is a lovely old city, in a valley with wonderful hills all around it. We motored right to the beautiful square with its fine old buildings and gateways, where the splendid

Préfet has his office. Picking up his secretary there, we went out to see the big refugee home "Aux Familles réfugiées des Villages Lorraine." It has been a great friendly shelter for eight thousand women and children during the past four years and now it is to be evacuated. About twelve hundred women and children pass on this week to new shelters farther away, where it is safe.

It is difficult to describe the sadness of the whole situation. These homeless people have come to love the big Caserne, its dormitories, kitchens, offices, all so neat and clean. As we talked with the women in the dormitories, their one constant question was: "When can we go home?" And to tell them that they are only going farther away from their little farms, was a most difficult task.

These women had the most pathetic but amazing beds I ever saw. Most of them were piled high with their precious feather "puffs" we call them, which they had brought with them in their flight. Everywhere were the little evidences of their past, in an embroidered pillow-case or a bit of china on the shelf. Many little porcelain Madonnas stood guard.



MADAME GILLET-MOTTE OF LYON, WHO HAS DONE SO MUCH FOR THE RAPATRIÉS, STANDING IN HER BOOTH AT OUR CHILD WELFARE EXHIBIT IN LYON, WITH THREE UNCLAIMED CHILDREN. MADAME GILLET HAS CARED FOR 3,000 CHILDREN AND FOUND FAMILIES AND FRIENDS FOR THEM

The women in that Caserne have been making sand bags during all these months. Two million sand bags in a year have been their contribution, besides yards of beautiful embroidery which has been sold.

A thousand children and two hundred women, a sad weary procession must move, as spring comes on—the time for planting and the time of hope,—to far off places to wait. It is too bad; the great Préfet has done so much for his people here.

After lunch at a café in the old square, we went off to the south to see some of the reconstruction work and to locate new dispensary sites. We passed village after village completely destroyed; their beautiful old yellow stones and red tiled roofs all débris and holes; and such lovely country! At last we came to Vitrimont, the little village Madame de B—— has been living in and helping to restore with Mrs. C——'s generous funds. Our Red Cross Children's Hospital back at T—— holds a weekly dispensary there for the district. Nothing but a visit to the village *could* give the picture to you.

First we asked for the Mayor, then for

Madame de B——. A little boy ran off to tell the Mayor, who was working in his garden. He welcomed us warmly and began at once to show us the village. The houses are being restored with the same yellow stone, tiled roofs and high archways, preserving absolutely the original look of the village, with certain improvements—such as sewage in the street—but still the fountains at either end, as before, where the village jugs are filled.

The little church has been most beautifully restored just as it was before, and the Mayor spoke so feelingly of that. Madame de B—— married her French cavalry general there last fall, and the people feel that now this gracious American woman belongs to them forever.

Then we went to see the Mayor's own little house, a new one, near the church. He has nothing left but his little dog. His wife was one of eight women killed by a bomb at L——, where they had crowded into a church for safety. That tall fine looking man of sixty had a dignity about him that was most touching. We walked slowly down, rather naturally, it seemed, to the heart of his grief—the little graveyard where the Germans had made

their trench right by the wall. It was difficult to sense the tragedy of it all. As you looked at the ruins and then off to the beautiful spring fields, you felt as though you had looked upon a murder. An old woman was sitting by the wall who had been there in 1870. She had escaped death then and now, she told us, but her beautiful village was gone.

It is difficult to put into words what the sympathy and help of Madame de B—— has meant to those simple people. She has lived with them for over a year and they love her and cling to her, and show it in such pretty ways. Her little house is full of expressions of their feeling. Her citizen's paper presented to her by the Mayor, hangs on the wall of her two-room house; one of the village girls she has taught to sew and embroider, proudly but shyly pointed it out to me.

From there, we flew still farther south along the highway through shelled villages to the old town of Gerbéviller,—up, up the winding street filled with débris, ruins everyhere, to the little convent and church which Sister Julie defended so heroically in that cruel attack on her beloved village. For over an hour she

told us the whole story of that martyrdom, her fine old face all alight, twinkling now with humor, then a look of horror and sadness would pass across her eager face, then anger—oh, such flashing anger—as she told of her encounter with the Germans when they tried to kill her wounded men. "Tous les grands blessés sont frères" ("All wounded men are brothers") was her now famous challenge to the barbarians!

Sister Julie and six of her nuns stayed under that cruel fire and cared for the wounded, and to hear the story from her was a rare experience. She vivified the whole tragedy by the marvelous use of her hands as she talked.

We came away most reluctantly, along the road past the temporary houses put up by the French Government, very good houses built more or less like the old ones. The dispensary service given by the American Fund for French Wounded and the Red Cross, under dear Dr. K——, is a great one. That woman doctor is as beloved in Gerbéviller as Madame de B—— is in Vitrimont. I am feeling a bit proud of American women to-night.

We came back through the stricken country

to N—— at top speed. Just as we whirled into the old square, we saw the crowd—a fallen German plane brought down by an anti-aircraft gun. It was a thrilling moment; just that grip at your heart until you were sure it was an enemy machine. It was just dusk; there was no time to stop if we were to make our hôtel at T—— before things became lively. As it was, it did grow dark while we flew along the screened roads. We watched the signal lights for the airmen, saw the "evening stars" light up No Man's Land, like the strongest of electric lights. One could read a paper in our motor, with little effort. It was quite dark when we came in, but every post expected us and passed us rapidly.

And now things are lively. What do you do? Well, you just decide to go to bed, trust to the American, French, Italian and every kind of soldier you know is about, knowing that bombs are no respecters of persons or soldiers!

Paris,
March 2, 1918.

I SUPPOSE sooner or later you will notice in the American papers that the school children of every district in Paris are being provided with supplementary food by the American Red Cross, and that is true; but oh, it is not all! It began yesterday in the 14th district here, and I went with the doctors from the Bureau, the Mayor of the district, and the head of the Public Schools of the district, to watch it all begin in the different schools, and I am in despair at the thought of trying to put into words the delicate, exquisite expression of the gratitude of the children, and their eagerness about us Americans, and their delight over the Red Cross buns made in our own bake shop in the district, from a specially worked out

formula prepared by Dr. M—— who is in charge of the Paris work.

The children had expressed themselves in many ways. At each school some welcoming poster greeted us: "Thanks to the American Red Cross" and "Welcome to our American granters," which was the quaint sign in English at one school.

At another, the art class had decorated the entire end of the big assembly hall, Washington and Lafayette in gay blue wreaths with colored drawings on either side; one of an American Red Cross nurse helping a little child; the other of an American woman giving buns and chocolate to the children. The cooking class at that school had prepared delicious custards made by magic without using any ingredients forbidden by food regulations. The girls served it to us themselves and they were so pleased over our exclamations of delight. Their shining eyes and soft pink cheeks made even the palest of them pretty.

Of course, the Red Cross bun for afternoon is only one part of our gift. All these schools have canteens for the children and the A.R.C. is giving ham, beef, lentils, beans, macaroni,

potatoes, rice, confiture, lard, cheese, sugar, peas, flour, milk—thousands of kilos of these foodstuffs. The Red Cross bun is just one little gift that permits of a bit of sentiment in its expression.

In some of the schools the children had made tiny paper American flags and pinned them on the buns, and at another, paper flowers had been made and were presented to us, a pink rose bud as thanks for a fat looking bun.

The neat little kitchen at another school had our flag on the chimney, and a bright faced French woman tried to thank the Americans for her little child. A kind American woman, a Mrs. S—— of Michigan, is paying for her little fatherless girl, and this hard working mother wanted to thank us for the kindness of one of our country women but she couldn't, she just sobbed into her clean apron.

I can't give it to you in any order. It just remains with me as a most moving picture; hundreds of little children, the boys in their black aprons, the girls in checked dresses, and above them, shining eyes, smiles, and an eagerness that choked me.

At one school, before we distributed the

DR. MURPHY AND DR. MANNING OF THE CHILDREN'S BUREAU FEEDING THE SLEEPY, UNDER-NOURISHED CHILDREN OF THE "ÉCOLE MATERNELLE" IN THE EIGHTEENTH ARRONDISSEMENT OF PARIS

buns from the gaily decorated baskets, a little girl read quite clearly and distinctly in the prettiest of English, the following:

"I am very happy to have been chosen to thank you for the new act of kindness which the American Red Cross is showing to the children of our schools. We are deeply moved at the thought that the United States do so much to help us in our great trial and that they even think of our little ones who will after the war be the builders of a renovated world. We feel sure that they and we with them, will always be grateful to the noble Nation who out of pure Love of Justice and Right did not hesitate to enter this terrible war and support us by every means in its power."

She was quite close to us and she knew her little speech well so that she was able to look at us with big star-like eyes as she spoke. All the other children, some four hundred of them, listened breathlessly with their eyes fastened upon us, as we listened to their little representative. I don't believe I'll ever forget the tenseness of those moments. All the little children of France seemed to confront us with

their clear eyes, and I was overwhelmed for a moment by the smallness of the American gift. But it isn't small, and they made us feel that it was ten times larger than it is.

There was another tense moment when a teacher asked for a show of hands of those whose fathers were fighting. Many, many thin hands rose white against the blackboards; but when the question was put,—how many whose fathers *have* fought, *every* hand went up.

Oh, you may hear disgruntled ones criticize even the heroic French soldiers, but there can be *no* question about the contribution French children have made to this great cause. They have had to see everything in their home world changed and made difficult, often the giving up of their homes, giving up of their food and clothing and all the little gay things of childhood. That was what made a goose out of me yesterday; the real fun those children were getting out of our gift, the fun of thanking us. They sang our "Star Spangled Banner" in *English*. That was most amusing for them and very fine for us. They sang it with a real ringing zest that brought the tears.

They sang it in French and that interested them all. You could see the little ones who were not singing, listening to every word.

At one of the girls' schools, two charming little girls of fourteen, I should say, holding American and French flags, recited this touching tribute:

HONNEUR À L'AMÉRIQUE

"Salut à la noble Amérique
Au peuple avec nous combattant!
Honneur à son geste héroïque
Et serrons la main qu'il nous tend.
Comme aux grands jours de notre Histoire
Que soient liés nos deux pays
Et contre les Boches maudits
Marchons ensemble à la Victoire!

Debout contre la barbarie
Marchons, luttons tous ardemment
Il faut pour sauver la Patrie,
Terrasser le monstre allemand.
Et nous pourrons revoir encore
Sous le soleil longtemps voilé
Le grand étendard étoilé
S'unir au drapeau tricolore.

Sous les drapeaux d'Amérique et de France
Toujours unis par la Fraternité
Nous combattrons pour notre délivrance
Pour la Justice et pour la Liberté."

And when they had finished and we had clapped and called "Bravo, Bravo," the girl with the American flag stepped forward to say a special word of thanks in *English.* It was a great moment. She looked like a little Jeanne d'Arc, with her thick wavy hair cut short, beautiful hazel eyes, and flaming cheeks, and with our lovely flag furled around her. But it was too much; she could not remember the English. "We thank you" was all she could say. You know how undignified I can be at times; well, I just hugged her tight, flag and all, and assured her that we *understood.* There was no need for words.

The school lunches of the American Red Cross in Paris will be recorded in kilos and packages, of course. To me, they will always suggest that little Jeanne d'Arc with our beloved flag, saying "We thank you" for the children of France to the children at home.

ROW OF CHILDREN WITH THEIR LUNCH BASKETS IN THE COURT OF THE "ÉCOLE MATERNELLE" IN THE EIGHTEENTH ARRONDISSEMENT OF PARIS, WHERE THE CHILDREN'S BUREAU OF THE A. R. C. IS SUPPLYING EXTRA FOOD IN THE SCHOOL CANTEENS

Château des Halles,
March 4, 1918

I AM here again for a few days. It is simply heavenly, like spring at home in New England, all earthy, and birds calling. The old greenhouses here are filled with wonderful blooms, and the whole landscape is a dream of soft green fields and feathery trees. All the windows and doors of the château stand open. The well children, or well-enough-children, are having their games and lessons out of doors; "courant d'air" is going to lose its terror for these children; they now *ask* to have the windows open, the nurses tell me. Violets are everywhere, and the children have filled my room with little squeezed-up bunches of them, and still bring more. They are so eager to give us something.

The whole place has been so happy for every one until three days ago. Of course every hospital, even convalescent ones, have to have deaths, but until now this wonderful old place has escaped. You remember the terrible sickness of little Albert at Christmas time? It seemed to us then that if he could get well, no child need die. Well, three lovely spring days ago, beloved little Jean-Baptiste went away "to mother" as Victoire said. Yes, my blessed little family of five that I have written you so much about is now four. The children came here from Evian to get well and strong and "wait for father," and after a month Cyr is sunburned and well. Victoire is now a normal little girl of twelve instead of an old woman. Juliette is positively fat, and Louis is all over his whooping cough and getting rosy again, but their baby Jean just couldn't. He had gone too far down, a war baby with four terrifying years lived through with all that means of neglect and privation. And he seemed to us to try so hard to get well; he loved everything and everybody. As for Victoire, she was his little mother. I don't believe any child of her own will ever be more

to her than this little brother. And to make it all worse, the day Jean-Baptiste died, word came that father was alive and coming soon, and yesterday he arrived. We all feel that his coming just then saved Victoire. It was terrible for them all, but the four that are left are, in a way, more to the father than the last little son he had seen but once as a tiny baby, and the father's joy in them helped them over these first days, without Jean-Baptiste. Mr. G—— is a tall, splendid looking man, with dark, kindly eyes like Cyr's, and a smile that lights up his tired face whenever he looks at the children. He is so grateful to the hospital for the care of the children that it helped Dr. O—— to get over this first death.

It is amazing the way this doctor felt, who had seen countless children die in hospitals at home. He kept saying to me the last days, "We have got to save this child. Why, his father is fighting up there in that hell to save the whole blooming world. We *must* save Jean-Baptiste for him."

It's terribly real, this feeling over here of the great debt we owe—and it comes out constantly in unexpected places. I have watched

it at Evian, among the doctors and nurses in their fight to save some of those dreadfully sick children. I have never seen such tenseness and determination, and children *have* been saved as though by miracles. I shall never forget the quiet rebuke I received last week when I was urging the Médecin-chef at the Evian hospital to spare himself a little; he was fairly staggering with fatigue, having examined some seven hundred children daily besides carrying the service of the two hundred bed hospital. He looked at me almost sternly and answered, "You forget these are the children of the men who said 'They shall not pass,' and they didn't pass." A very simple, real statement. That's just the difference between the children here and the children at home as yet. These are the loved ones of the men of the Marne, of Verdun, and these kiddies are now just about five times as precious to the life of the nation as they were before the war. So little Jean was *very* precious, and this happy old place is sad to-day.

But a beautiful thing was revealed by the little lad's death. You remember how difficult it has been to win the old servants we acquired

with the château, especially old Jean, the butler? Well, I think no one is sadder to-day than Jean. He loves the children now and all the staff, I think, and it was old Jean who made the little spot of earth all green and full of blooms before Victoire took her father there this afternoon. And to-night, Jean asked our doctor most anxiously whether he thought the Red Cross would ever want to put a younger man in his place. Dr. O—— answered, "Why, do you like it here, Jean?" Jean hesitated a moment—he is a reserved old man—then he put his arm around Dr. O——'s shoulder, and with the tears rolling down his cheeks, said, "Never so much as now, M. le Docteur, this is the best of my life." I think he will stay to the end. The only quarrels we ever have "below stairs" now are caused by endless arguments as to which one of them is to do some particular thing for either the children or the staff.

The ambulance men talk of the "Victory of les Halles" as the only fight they have been in. As dear H—— said this afternoon, "It helps me to wait for that military assignment." H——, you know, has at last been accepted

by the army. We are all glad for him. He is so anxious to go. He confided to me long ago, when I was making perfectly futile efforts to comfort him, "You don't understand, Mrs. ——. How'd I feel goin' back home when this business is over and the only kind of powder I could talk about would be *'talcum'?*" The disgust in his voice was monumental. I stopped arguing.

Lyon,
March 6, 1918

I FEEL all ground up into bits to-day. I have been visiting munition factories! Now, don't expect me to describe all the shells and things I saw in the process of making. I could not do it. I recognized the shells when they began to look like shells, but I didn't recognize any of the early stages of munition making. The manager tried to explain to me the intricacies of the small charges that are put into these big shells. I tried desperately to follow, but I found when I came away that I could not describe the process.

But I have certain impressions that are so deep I'll never forget them.

I have a feeling for *oil* to-night that is indescribable; it is in my nose, my mouth, my eyes, my hair, all over my shoes, my uniform. The

long sheds were filled with machinery and workers. Eight thousand women standing shoulder to shoulder with six thousand men, seemed to blur before you in the general whirl of *oil.* It was everywhere. It seemed to be the medium that molded that thundering building into one great machine. That is one of my deepest impressions.

Then it was just *noise;* such a noise that struck you all over, not only in the ears, but in your heart, you felt all thumpy and throbbing. I could not hear anything that was said to me—just this terrible roar of machinery.

Then it was just *speed.* Every section I looked at was flying at such rapidity, I could not distinguish human worker from the oily monster she worked with. I could not breathe. Hands and levers flashed back and forth; things moved everywhere; chain racks holding shells rolled constantly overhead—half finished shells, finished shells, red hot shells, cool shells —everything moved. All those human beings working at an unthinkable speed were becoming part of that tremendous output of *might* against the enemy. It was a long time before I could seem to take in any of the detail.

Then I began to see *faces*—individual faces of the men and women; and I saw through the oil and the grime the same cheerfulness, the same determination, that I felt among the poilus at the front. It was unexpected. So many people talk about the awfulness of everything, of war, of women in munitions, of any labor connected with the present situation. Now you know I am not a feminist, or a militant suffragist; I am just one of thousands of college women who are thinking about things. And I didn't feel the depression I expected. Those people seemed to be working with a spirit that is higher than any wage or condition. There seemed to be just the same glorious dash I felt when close to the French front. That factory was a great big vital line of defense, and the workers seemed to be filled with the spirit of fighting men and armies, and it all looked worth while.

I know there is a big serious side to the situation—the sacrifice of the child life of the country—but for these heroic women there was no choice; isn't any choice yet. These munition factories are the whole *must* of the situation, and the women know it. I hope my

country will hurry with our own munitions. The quicker we are, the sooner the women of France and England can have a choice. In the meantime everything is being done by Government and Red Cross and Y. W. C. A. to help the women and their children. The factory I have been in to-day has a big canteen for its workers, a fine hospital and dispensary. There are over three hundred minor accidents a day. I saw some of them and to me they seemed major, but the Verdun standard of things as we call it in France is bewildering.

To watch a woman handling those red hot shells, swinging them quickly into position in the proper machinery without dropping them, makes you hold your breath. You know beginners do drop them occasionally.

But in spite of all I was thrilled by the sights of the day; the crêche for the children, the rooms set aside for the mothers to nurse their babies, the infinite care of the French Government! The women receive an allocation of one franc a day for a month before the birth of a child, and for six weeks after, one franc, fifty centimes, and this helps so much, for the women have a chance to rest.

I feel to-night that the children of the eight hundred thousand women in munition factories in France have a very special claim on us.

The Y. W. C. A. have their splendid club-house for the women workers here, and it was an amazing experience to face that crowded hall during the noon hour to-day, and hear those women sing their beloved songs! So many of them looked so young, most of them looked strong, and they all looked happy and cheerful. That is what has stirred me so. I expected depressing sadness; I found a splendid, glowing spirit of service.

The Red Cross work in this city includes visiting nursing care for children of those women, and help in the crowded clinics of the city, besides the hospitals for our Evian children.

In one of the sheds where twenty five thousand shells a day are turned out, I spoke to a fine looking woman of about forty, with oil streaked face. "I worked outside the first two years, but since my two boys went I came in here. I feel nearer them here," she said. A new point of contact for shells! Yes, I think that is the reason for this spirit. Those shells

are their message to the front line trenches, the answers of the women of France to the enemy of their country, the message of faith and confidence to their own fighting men. I have heard so much of "shell shock," I can't tell you what a feeling this new sense of "shell comfort" gives me.

Somewhere in France,
March 11, 1918

I CAN'T tell you where this is because it is U. S. Army, but I must tell you the experience. We got out at the dark station at two o'clock this morning, after a "sit up" sleep from Paris. It is a wonderful station, hundreds and hundreds of men on the platforms, coming and going, for this is the station for the Verdun front, and it always thrills me. The biggest French Red Cross canteen is here; it holds three or four thousand men. We went in for a while and watched the poilus at the long tables. The happy cheer of it all must help them to go on back to the job they have so well in hand. In the inky blackness we found the Grand Hôtel de la Cloche, but no room, "pas de chambre," the night concierge in-

formed us; but he gave us permission to try the hard, narrow sofas in the salon, which we did most gratefully. Every once in a while as the night wore on I would hear B—— marching around trying to keep his feet warm, he said, and to get the crick out of his neck. The sofa arms, hard and narrow, were the only pillows.

But it was a "beautiful mornin' by the grace of God," and we were stirring early, walking out to the central Camouflage factory before nine o'clock. Our American officers want the American Red Cross to give them a crêche for the children and babies of the seven or eight hundred women who work in the factory, and we came down to plan it with them. I love to think that our men thought of it, and asked for such a thing for the little French children.

It is a most amazing place. We went to the open sheds where they color the thousands upon thousands of meters of burlap. The material is unrolled on the ground and women paint with big brooms; the paint is water color and smells like a cheese factory. The ground, the workers, the buildings, the very sky itself, seemed covered with green, yellow, brown,

brown, yellow, green mixtures. It is terrible stuff to work with, so wet, so messy, and so smelly. Then the burlap is hung in the sheds to dry. These long sheds stand right in the open country, with great fields all around, level, with the spring green coming on. The new buildings have all been built in the last six weeks.

The women are of all ages, many old, old women working in the long sheds, and many women of child-bearing age. The need for a crêche is great, as many women must continue to nurse their babies, and there must be some place free from *paint!*

As we stood in the sunshine in the big wet fields, we could see the long shed covered with green where the paint is thrown on the burlap, —one hundred thousand quarts of paint in eight hours is the record. Outside, the women roll and unroll the stuff to dry or to paint. Then there is the long, low barracks where the women work on the burlap after it is dry. In one it is tied to the wire netting cut in different stated lengths. In another, bunches of different colored raffia are tied together and then tied to the wire. In another, the burlap

is cut to look like trees and foliage. One barrack is given over to the sculptors; "trench heads" are made there, strong soldier heads leaning forward slightly; rows of them deeply colored look like real men.

The children are very much in the way there, but many women cannot work unless they bring the children. Well, their work is for the protection of our soldier boys. We must help with their children. So the plan is complete, and will be carried out *toute suite.*

A big, roomy barrack in the fields will be fitted up for the children, with a trained aide in charge. Lt. D. E. W. from Texas is the medical officer here, and he went over the plans with us and will give us his help and interest. If you could have seen him, standing there, tall and straight in the sunlight, with that look in his keen eyes under the wide brim of his hat, like cattle ranchers you see in the West; his slow drawl, his quiet manners, and his bigness! The men all love him, K—— said, and he is a fine doctor. The children love him, too. We feel safe about the crêche under his keen supervision.

I love this army of ours that has come to

help and doesn't forget the children. The Red Cross is eager to carry out every wish of our men for anything they feel is needed by them, or by the civilians they see.

Paris,
March 15, 1918.

A RATHER bad day. At one-thirty a terrible explosion. I was alone in my room and the first thought was a day air raid. Then a second explosion and crashing of glass in the street. It sounded very near and I stood waiting, not knowing what to do. The third bang and more glass falling; then silence. When I *could* move, I went to find out what it was. There was great excitement, a hand grenade factory at —— had blown up and fire had started.

The Red Cross acted quickly. We knew it meant death for many and injury for thousands of women and children cut by flying glass. All the afternoon our nurses and doctors have worked near the scene of the tragedy,

as near as the police could allow. Many buildings are unsafe and hundreds are homeless. Late to-night the Red Cross had a two hundred bed hôtel ready for the women and children who could be brought into the city. The fire is burning still, and smaller explosions take place as the flames spread. We fear an air raid to-night, as the fire will light up the country for miles and if this is all treachery today, the enemy will not lose such an opportunity unless the rain saves us. Those poor children this afternoon, many of them so badly cut and bruised, and all so frightened! The explosion broke hundreds of windows in Paris seven miles away. You can imagine what it felt like to be a block from the factories. Our chief nurse came in late this evening looking as though she had been in a coal mine, her face black with smoke and soot, and so full of the agony of it all. Of course this is but an accident of war, but if you could have seen those children out there this afternoon you would never forget. In a street not far from the disaster we found an old woman sitting on the curbstone, bleeding badly from superficial cuts on face and hands, her three grand-

children sitting close to her, all of them with glass wounds, but none of them crying. The grandmother was dazed but calm. She said both the father and mother of the children were in the factories. She had heard nothing from them, but she was hoping they were alive because the explosion began during the noon hour and she thought they might not have been in the factory. Our nurse wanted her to come to a safe place with the children, but she refused to leave the street in front of their tenement home in case they came to find her. Such pluck! The building has been condemned and the people are not allowed to enter, but they cling to the streets. The French are so kind always in their treatment of their people. They are rushing temporary shelters out, tents, blankets, and mattresses, so the people can stay near their possessions.

Paris,
March 16, 1918

I SPENT the morning in our children's clinic at Grenelle. We did not have a raid last night, thanks to a heavy rain. But many people of the poorer districts spent most of yesterday after the explosion in the "Caves," not knowing what it was, and when they did know, fearing further trouble. So the clinic was crowded this morning with women and their tired, sick children.

One starved looking mother with a tiny baby had spent the time in a very damp cellar and both of them had terrible colds. I shall never forget the picture of the care they received. Our nurse was so fine, so sympathetic, and as she worked, the mother told her many things. The baby was her only one and her man was in

the trenches. His permission was due very soon and nothing must happen to his baby. You feel so sorry for these poor people during these air raids. The air is full of rumors about that "offensive" promised by the Germans, and all the women in that clinic this morning were busy discussing its probability. They said: "If it begins, there will be no more permissions for a time." And these women, hard at work here, with the children to care for, live for their men to come home. One woman in very shabby black, lost her man last week and she looked as though she would never smile again, and yet no bitterness! Her little boy of six has a bad bronchitis, but he is a sturdy little chap and she told me, without a quiver, that she wished he were big enough to take his father's place at Verdun. "We must finish," she said—"finish!"

At that clinic we have a small day nursery or crêche for the children whose mothers are working, and a regular kindergartner (I hope some one will think up a non-German word for that) teaches the children and they have the best of times. We are proud of the Grenelle center; it is a real neighborhood

THE GREAT RESPONSIBILITY. GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER WITH SMALL BOY OF FOUR WHOSE MOTHER HAS BEEN HELD BY THE GERMANS

house, small, with a staff of four, doctor, nurse, aide and French teacher, to meet the needs of their neighbors. The French are good neighbors. I asked a tired poilu at the Gare du Nord last night, why he kept on fighting. Four years, he told me, he has been in the war, and he was very tired, but his answer to my question was a wonderful one: "We've got to show those Germans how to be neighbors; they don't know how to live next to other people."

Paris,
March 23, 1918.

At eight o'clock this morning began the bombardment of Paris! It seems unbelievable, and no one knew it as a fact until about three this afternoon. Then the rumor was confirmed. It had been very strange all day; the explosions seemed to come about every twenty minutes. In Place ——, sixteen people were reported killed and injured at noon time. At one o'clock a terrific bang seemed to have struck very near, "in the Tuileries," our small office page reported. Every one looked up into the blue sky for the answer to the puzzle. After the miserable raid last night our minds thought only of "Avions." But at three o'clock the word from the war office came,—*a long distance gun!* Well, if guns

can fire seventy-five miles, I imagine we are in for a warm time of it. The children of this city! What can we do to help, where can they go to play, or to work, or to do anything else —if a shell is going to drop every twenty minutes? The news from the front is bad tonight; the offensive is on hot and heavy, and it is a breathless moment here. Late this afternoon after an hour of quiet, I walked out to Dr. B——'s hospital, A.R.C. No. 1. The beautiful Champs Elysées, always crowded with the French children laughing and playing, rolling hoops and riding the ponies, was all silent, empty; just busy, preoccupied grown ups went hurriedly on their way. It is only eight o'clock, but it is a clear night. A raid is inevitable. I think I'll have a nap before undressing.

Paris,
Palm Sunday, 1918

From nine last evening until midnight, the raid went on. We sat in the dark on the Entresol, talking of that western front; the raids make us seem nearer it. The Allies are giving up ground. We had a telegram yesterday announcing the giving up and destruction of our little ten bed hospital for children at Nesle. "All out safely," but where? We do not know. They say to-night that H—— has been taken. It does not seem possible. The guns began at seven this morning. We all needed an alarm clock after the night. Breakfast was served very daintily in the cellar of this hotel for the dining room here is a glass covered courtroom, and no one wants to sit under glass. The shells have dropped

every twelve minutes to-day. The morale of the people is wonderful. Children must be looked out for, yes, but the rest of the French shrug their shoulders. They are perfectly calm and confident! There must be *two* guns!

Paris,
March 28, 1918

A BLACK day—perhaps the blackest in our history. The whole world waits; rumors ebb and flow. The retreat goes on, the gun goes on, the raids go on, but the A. R. C. has just one thought—to do everything in its power to meet the emergency. Our Children's Bureau is deep in the work for the refugee women and children pouring into the city from the north. The stations receiving them are now manned with doctors, nurses and aides, to help the French handle this terrible situation. The canteens go all night; the trains are bringing thousands of the old and sick men and women, women with their children, from the region we thought safe. They are weary and hungry but not in a panic. It is marvelous. Last

night in the station I saw a tired woman feeding a five months' old baby sweet chocolate. The baby was happy but the mother knew that was wrong. We found that in the flight, and terror of those days, her milk had stopped. In a few minutes our doctor discovered fourteen other mothers in the same condition. Our nurses prepared milk formulas for the babies all night and all day, as the morning trains brought more. The people are being carried through to towns and cities farther south now. Paris is no place to keep them. The raids make the station work so difficult, as we have to get them down under ground. The children are tired and dirty, and sick some of them, but they do not seem frightened. The Red Cross is coöperating with French nurses and Government in removing as many children as possible from Paris. Workers from the war zone pour in, but the French are confident.

Paris,
Good Friday, 1918

A BUSY day, not a moment for anything but emergencies. The retreat goes on. The women and children pour into the stations from the north. Two little frail children died at the Gare du Nord this afternoon. It was awful, but the mothers were wonderful. One woman said this was the third time she had lost everything in flight, but still she smiled bravely through her tears. The French and American Red Cross are working hand in hand these days. The rush at the canteens and rest rooms at the stations has made heavy work and we are eager not to have the soldier canteens suffer, as the stations are crowded with troops on their way to the front. The gun began just at three this afternoon and the

rumors are bad. The first shell struck a church and the evening papers say over ninety people were killed, mostly women and children. I have no direct word as yet.

Paris,
Easter Sunday, 1918

THE gun was quiet this morning, and the news from the front is good. The Allies are holding. Bishop McCormick of Western Michigan preached a sermon that would make him famous if he were not already so. His text was, "As cold water to thirsty lips, so is good news from a far country." It was all sort of choking and tremendous but it sent us back to the railroad stations with fresh courage. Refugees, women and children, continue to pour into Paris and all organizations, both French and American, are uniting in the effort to move them on to peace and safety south of Paris.

One little disheveled woman at the Gare du Nord, with three sturdy boys clinging to her,

told me how an American soldier helped her to get out of Amiens in his *camion,* where the bombardment was "terrifique." I suppose it was one of our Ambulance men, but her gratitude was as great as though the entire American Army had escorted her to Paris. Oh, for ten million men!—But the Allies are *holding!* I think we can stand the air raid to-night with actual delight. Three shells from "Bertha Krupp" late this afternon, but Paris seemed to be smiling. The boulevards were crowded. The fact that it was Easter overshadowed even the long distance guns. A wonderful people!

Paris,
April 6, 1918

A WEEK of shells, air raids, night hours in the cellar, work in the day time, but no one minds. The Allies are still holding.

A wonderful new work has been developing in the Children's Bureau this week. Long before Christmas you remember our soldier boys began doing many things for the children they came into touch with in the villages. In every little French town where our boys are quartered, the village children had a Christmas party with the American soldiers. Constantly we have received money from our soldiers "for the kids." The "Stars and Stripes" (the newspaper for the U. S. troops) decided that it might be a good plan to organize that feeling and give the boys a wider field in which to ex-

press their friendliness for the little children they see. The newspaper asked us if we would take the trouble and the responsibility of providing French children for our American companies to "father" and "brother." You can imagine our delight. We said that the American Red Cross could supply any kind of French children, with hair of any color, or eyes of any color, for our boys to be interested in. The plan suggested by the paper on Palm Sunday was that five hundred francs or one hundred dollars be the sum given by the men for a year's contribution to the care, education, or useful training of any kind, for a French child; the application of the money to be left to the discretion of the Children's Bureau of the A. R. C.

The response from our men was immediate. In ten days twenty children have been "adopted" by our soldiers. They have sent their money, and the "dimensions" they wanted, and we have supplied the child, that is, we apply the money and we furnish the company with the photograph of their child, his history and how they can keep in touch with him.

Several days ago we had a letter from Company G, — Regiment of U. S. They wrote as follows:

"Company G met Easter morning. We want to adopt a little boy of six with blue eyes, the son of a man who fell at Verdun."

They are not difficult to find—little sons of men who fell at Verdun! We found Henri, a darling laddie with blue eyes. We had him photographed at once and his picture and his history sent to the company. Miss P——, in writing of Henri, said that he had two brothers and two sisters. To-day we received the answer:

"Company G takes the whole bunch."

I love it. I think one of the most beautiful things in France to-day is the feeling our men have for the devastated lives of the little children. I don't suppose many of the men could *say* anything about it but this is what they are *doing,* in their simple, direct way. Some

WAITING FOR SOME ONE TO COME FOR HER. LUCILE, A LITTLE RAPATRIÉ AT THE HOSPITAL AT EVIAN

of the letters are so funny. One company wrote: "You pick out the kid, but please have it old enough to eat anything the fellows want to send it." I suppose they feared a "bottle" baby.

But it is all so big and fine, and coming at this time when we are all breathless with anxiety, it is like "the wind on the heath."

Port in France,
April 27, 1918

We have been here for two days. We sail some time to-night. It is difficult to believe that we are going *home* for a few weeks, after the ten busy months here. I have been sitting out on deck in the dark sort of listening to my own thoughts, and I find that the A. R. C. seems to be just two factors to me: our soldier boys and the little children. When we left Paris on Friday, eighty children had been adopted by eighty American companies, and the letters continue to make one laugh and cry. To-night I stood and watched from our deck the unloading of a big ship next to us at the wharf. The country was all dark; the wharf was lighted by torches that moved about, here and there; now deep black shadows, now

whole vivid scenes flashed out for seconds at a time.

Once, the flash showed a line of poilus drawn up close to the wharf to welcome the troops from home; then the light revealed a group of excited little children close to the ship's gangway; and down that gangway moved a constant stream of soldiers. Their broad brim hats, (the American hat,) made the familiar silhouette against the dark sky when a torch cast the light just there, and as each company reached the soil of France, they gave a cheer, a real American cheer, that thrilled us to the core. Then childish voices called "Vive la France! Vive l'Amérique!" and again our boys' ringing cheer, and presently a company's band began "Over There," only to be drowned out by a united roar from all the men on the wharf. "Sheer animal spirits," said some one near me, and I think my whole ten months in France rose up within me and said, No! Those cheers were hoarse with feeling. I knew those men were choked by a spiritual exaltation that will grow and grow as we have seen it grow in other men from home during these months here. Sending

their money into our Bureau for the children! What is that but their way, their simple practical way, of recognizing the spiritual significance of their fight for the future, for the safety of the world, for the little children?

An American newspaper woman was discussing some of the finer issues of our struggle with a British Army officer at the front. She spoke rather depressingly about the materialistic trend of the world, the apparent failure of things spiritual, the rather Godless state of the universe. The officer listened quietly for a time and then, looking her straight in the eyes, answered: "Stay in the front line trenches awhile. We believe in God like Hell up here!" And our boys, many of them before they have reached the front line trenches, have shown their *"faith."*

Last week at the Beauvais Canteen, just back of that awful retreat, a wounded American soldier came in with head bandaged, blood and mud staining his cheeks. It was natural that the Red Cross worker should turn eagerly to him to find out what he wanted. But in front of that rough counter stood a row of little refugee children waiting for milk. The

American lad waved the worker aside, with: "I can wait. Kids first, please."

And France has heard that note and will never forget that the American Soldiers and the American Red Cross came to her help with those rough boyish words in their hearts, "Kids first, please."

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Children of France

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